MTV'S

AEØN FLUX

THE HERODOTUS FILE

FORWARD TO CENTRAL ARCHIVES
SUBMITTED CENTRAL ARCHIVES

CREATED BY
PETER CHUNG

WRITTEN BY
MARK MARS &
ERIC SINGER

CLEARANCE LEVEL 10

CONTROL No. 09.788

INTERNAL MEMO

MEMO TO: CHIEF ARCHIVIST GRISK

FROM: RESEARCHER DILLING

DATE: 06.10.13AG

RE: ENCLOSED "HERODOTUS" FILE

ONCE AGAIN, I BEG YOUR FORGIVENESS FOR HAVING ATTEMPTED TO SPEAK TO YOU THE OTHER DAY, BUT WHEN YOU HAVE READ THE ENCLOSED MATERIAL (AS I HUMBLY BESEECH YOU TO DO AT YOUR SOONEST CONVENIENCE) I AM CERTAIN YOU WILL UNDERSTAND MY DECISION TO BYPASS ESTABLISHED CHANNELS IN ORDER TO BRING THIS MOST URGENT AND DELICATE MATTER TO YOUR ATTENTION DIRECTLY.

THIS FILE, WHICH I DISCOVERED MISSHELVED WITH SOME 30-YEAR-OLD REPORTS ON CROP PARASITES, SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN COMPILED BY CHAIRMAN GOODCHILD SOON AFTER HE ASSUMED LEADERSHIP OF BREGNA. ON THE SURFACE, IT APPEARS TO CORROBORATE LONG-WHISPERED RUMORS ABOUT CHAIRMAN GOODCHILD CONCERNING HIS (ALLEGED) WILLINGNESS TO DISREGARD BREEN LAW AND HIS (AGAIN ALLEGED) TENDENCY TO MANIPULATE THE TRUTH TO HIS OWN ENDS. BUT POTENTIALLY EVEN MORE DAMNING IS THE SUGGESTION OF A CARNAL RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN OUR ESTEEMED CHAIRMAN AND A VIOLENT, SALACIOUS MONICAN AGENT WHO WAS WORKING TO UNDERMINE THE VERY GOVERNMENT THE CHAIRMAN HAS PLEDGED TO UPHOLD.

IN SPECIFIC, THE FILE TRACKS A COVERT—AND ALMOST CERTAINLY ILLEGAL—OPERATION CALLED HERODOTUS, DEDICATED TO THE DESTRUCTION OF AN ORGANIZATION CALLED THE BEROGNICAN REUNIFICATION MOVEMENT AND CARRIED OUT THROUGH THE SERVICES OF THE AFOREMENTIONED MONICAN AGENT, AEON FLUX. THE DIVULGENCE OF THESE FACTS (IF FACTS THEY ARE) AND OF THE INVOLVEMENT OF CHAIRMAN GOODCHILD IN THEIR DISPOSITION COULD BE USED BY HIS ENEMIES (OR EVEN HIS FRIENDS) TO DESTROY HIM.

PLEASE ADVISE ME IMMEDIATELY WHAT TO DO WITH THESE MATERIALS. YOU ARE MY FRIEND, SO YOU WILL UNDERSTAND... I AM SO FRIGHTENED I HEAR THEM COMING FOR ME EVEN IN MY SLEEP.
I SEE SUSPICIOUS UNDERTONES IN EVERY ACT.
EVEN THOSE OF MY FAMILY.
I'M GOING CRAZY.
PLEASE HELP ME.

ISBN 0-671-54524-8

CODE LEVEL 3460

CREATED BY

PETER CHUNG

WRITTEN BY

MARK MARS AND

ERIC SINGER

THE FILE

THE PROTOCOLS

FILE

AEON FLUX

FILE PRODUCED BY MTV BOOKS POCKET BOOKS MELCHER MEDIA

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CHANGE HISTORY
FORGET IT!
SUPPORT
REVISIONIZATION
YESTERWISE
AND TODAY
A Public Service Announcement From Chairman Goodchild

PERSONAL DICTATION: TREVOR GOODCHILD (TRANSCRIPT)
DATE: 35.13.04AG

0:00 HISTORY IS A PROCESSION OF VICTORIES BY THE STRONG
0:04 OVER THE WEAK. IT IS NOT THAT THE WEAK NEVER WIN,
0:10 BUT ONLY THAT, IN WINNING, THEY BECOME STRONG. AND IN
0:13 WINNING THEY CONTROL THE WRITING OF HISTORY. SO, IN
0:16 HISTORY, THEY WERE ALWAYS STRONG. HISTORY IS STRENGTH.

0:19 TODAY I WAS HANDED A PAM-
PHLET, A LAUGHABLE TISSUE
0:22 OF PARANOID LIES FROM A
GROUP I'D NEVER HEARD OF.
0:26 WEAK, SILLY, UTTERLY TRIV-
IAL. THE BEROGNICAN
REUNIFICATION MOVEMENT. ON
0:30 ANOTHER DAY I MIGHT HAVE
FOUND THE PAMPHLET AMUSING
0:33 OR THROWN IT AWAY WITHOUT A
SECOND LOOK. BUT TODAY I
0:37 CANNOT, BECAUSE I SEE:
THEIR WEAKNESS IS THEIR
STRENGTH, THEIR IDIOCY IS
THEIR WISDOM.

0:40 I MUST FIND OUT WHO THEY
ARE AND WHAT THEY INTEND.
0:46 THE REASON IS SIMPLE.

0:47 HISTORY IS MINE TO MAKE.
NOT ONLY ITS COURSE TO
COME, BUT ALSO ITS COURSE
0:53 TO DATE. I WILL NOT JUST
CREATE AN IDEAL FUTURE; I
WILL PRESERVE AN IDEAL POS-
0:56 TERITY. THE PAST MUST NOT
BE ALLOWED TO FALL INTO
THE WRONG HANDS. THE
1:00 WORLD SHOULD BE PERFECT, SO
IT SHALL BE. AND SO SHALL
1:03 IT EVER HAVE BEEN.

LOCATOR

SecTOR $%634
HX34-8
INTERIOR

CLEARANCE CODE 10

TREVOR GOODCHILD PERSONAL FILE

THE SECRET OF BEROGNICA

WE WERE ONCE ONE

FROM THE DESK OF
CHAIRMAN GOODCHILD

Who are these people?

I ask not out of idle curiosity; I want them CRUSHED.

DID YOU KNOW THAT WE WERE ONCE ONE? DID YOU KNOW THAT MONICA AND BREGNA WERE ONCE ONE NATION UNITED AND KNOWN AS BEROGNICA?

DID YOU KNOW THAT THE IGNORANT AND THE LIARS AND THOSE WHO ANNOY AND ANNIHILATE OUR PSYCHES AND ALL OUR TRUTH AND BEAUTY HAVE CONSPIRED IN A LONG-STANDING REVISIONIZATION OF OUR COMMON HISTORY? A CONSPIRACY WHOSE TENTACLES DO AND HAVE CHOKED THE VERY ROOTS OF OUR FORMER ONENESS AND WHOLENESS! OUR FORMER GREAT AND INTEGRATED TOTALITY!

THIS IS AN ARTICLE FROM WHAT WAS THE LAST ISSUE OF *THE BEROGNICAN JOURNAL*, A PROMINENT NEWSPAPER OF THE PERIOD.

The Berognican Journal

CHAOS

BEROGNICA NO MORE AS BORDER IS SET. THOUSANDS DISPLACED.

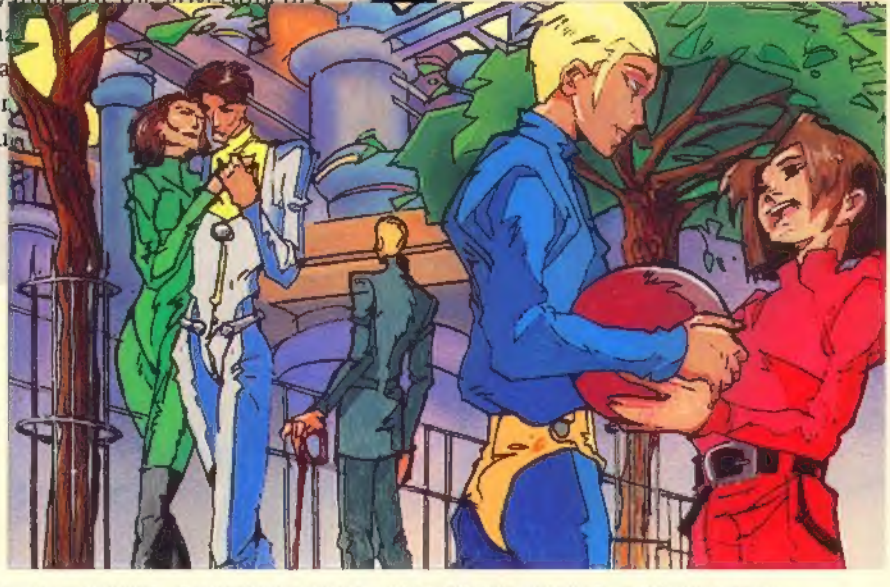
Gregg Renski reporting from the New Border

Without any official warning, the long-rumored "Border Project" has suddenly become a hard reality, splitting Berog into two separate countries. The government remains exclu sively within only one of the two newly defined territories, has announced that it represents a new nation, "Bregna." other territory, now tentatively referred to as "Monica," has official national identity nor any official representation.

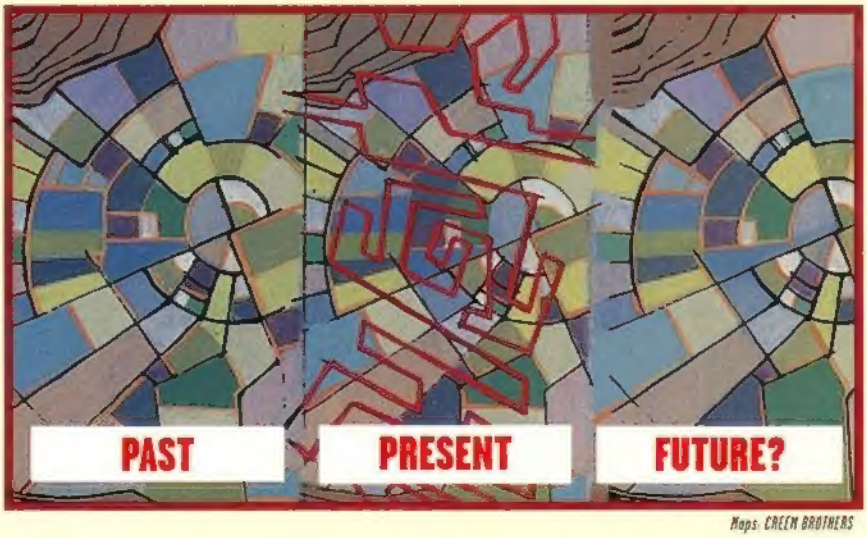
Thousands of former Berognicans who were on the wrong sid of the border at the time of its erection are now suddenly displaced. Chaos is in total effect in the "disrecognized" territory, where frenzied ex-citizens are wild in the streets. A massive, but scattered, utilities and communications blackout has accompanied the physical exclusion of the disrecognized territory, exacerbating the panic and confusion.

Speculation on the political motivation for the government's action ranges from the opinion tha solidation of power," to a view tha social transformation that has beer long time," and that has been in u years.

HISTORICAL PHOTOGRAPH OF PEACEFUL BEROGNICAN LIFE.



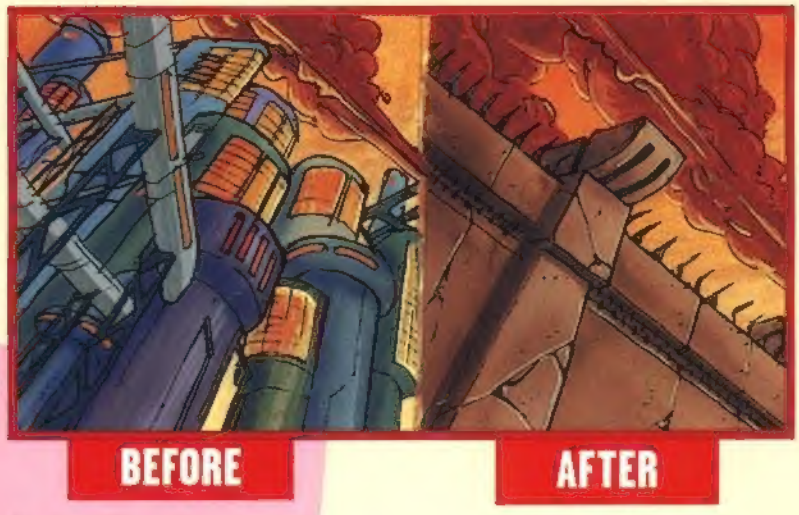
AT ONE TIME, A CENTURY AGO, MONICA AND BREGNA WERE A SINGLE STATE, BEROGNICA. HAPPY, PEACE-LOVING, UNIFIED. IT WAS A TIME OF SOCIO-ECONOMIC HARMONY, BROTHERHOOD, UNDERSTANDING, COMMUNITY. FOLKS GOT ALONG. PEOPLE WORKED TOGETHER. BUT THIS WAS NOT TO REMAIN THE CASE FOREVER. AS DEVELOPMENTS WERE TO HAVE IT, THE COUNTRY WOULD BE RIPPED APART. BY THE TIME PEOPLE REALIZED IT WAS REALLY GOING TO HAPPEN, AND THAT IT REALLY WAS HAPPENING, IT WAS TOO LATE TO HALT THE MOMENTUM OF FORCES THAT HAD GROWN TOO GREAT TO STOP. AND THEN, BEFORE ANYBODY KNEW IT, THE COUNTRY FORMERLY KNOWN AS BEROGNICA WAS PHYSICALLY DIVIDED BY WALLS THAT BEGAN TO MAKE UP THE BREEN/MONICAN BORDER THAT WE KNOW TODAY.



Maps: CREEN BROTHERS

THROUGH YEARS OF PAINSTAKING RESEARCH, OUR CARTOGRAPHERS HAVE RECONSTRUCTED THE MAP OF BEROGNICA AS IT MUST HAVE APPEARED BEFORE IT WAS BROKEN AND DEFILED BY THE BORDER, AND THUS THEY HAVE GRANTED ALL OF US A HERETOFORE UNIMAGINABLE VISION OF THE LOST UNITY THAT IS OURS TO RECOVER.

THE BORDER WAS FORTIFIED WITH WEAPONS NOT SIMPLY TO CREATE A SEPARATION BETWEEN THE TWO COUNTRIES BUT ALSO TO PUNISH THOSE WHO CHOSE TO DEFY THIS SEPARATION BY CROSSING THE WALL.



dear Mom

I no you sa I dont rite gud but I hav too rite too you sens you put up the wals. grampa sas I ben bad and thats why you put up wals evrething is rong. I no nothing now. I dont no anething anemor. I dont no how evrething is rong. Wals ev rew here evrewhere. I look I can go anewher exept here, there, all over— evrewher I go that I can go is a wall. Now their puting things all over the walls, guns all over the wals. can I be sory and cum bak hom now? Im scard and I wont bee bad agen ever agen I promes. I reely want be bad plese take down the wals. grampa sas he cud tak them down sas he wont cos you wont. Im scard Im sorey I need clislepen can clislepen be over? now?

grampa sas the bedbugs arnt to bad now. you no grampa hats bedbugs. We havent had anething to et for cbs but grampa sas he has a <u>resipee</u> for them for me. I dont no what that is. I dont no what this mens becos I thot I was going to be home. I dident no you were so mad at me.

Why did I have to go away now ever time I turn around I see a wal, a wal. I dont no I dont unerstan. I love you mum.

Darla Doe

FAMILIES WERE SPLIT APART. FRIENDS WERE MADE ENEMIES. THIS YOUNG CHILD'S LETTER MAKES CLEAR THE CONFUSION AND DISTRESS THAT WERE, IN ALL LIKELIHOOD, A PERVASIVE AND PREDOMINANT PUBLIC TRAUMA DURING THE PERIOD OF UPHEAVAL.

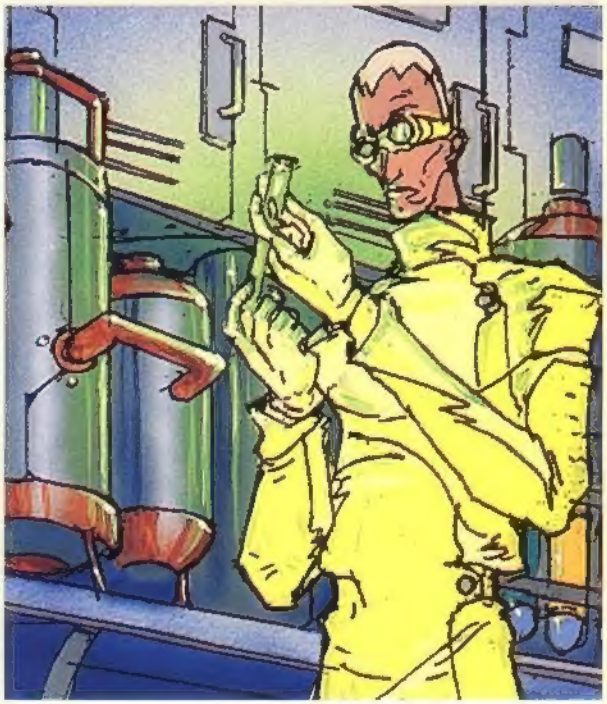
TODAY, A CENTURY LATER, THE CAMPAIGN HAS PHASED INTO CONVENTIONAL ACCEPTANCE AND BELIEF AMONG THE GENERAL BREEN POPULATION; BREEN LEADERS HAVE EVER SINCE MAINTAINED AND REINFORCED THIS FICTITIOUS AND REENGINEERED VERSION OF HISTORY. THE HARDSHIP AND ALMOST WARLIKE STATE OF AFFAIRS BETWEEN THE TWO COUNTRIES TODAY (ALSO DENIED BY BREEN AUTHORITIES TO BE THE CASE) IS THE LEGACY WE NOW INHERIT FROM THIS SOCIOCULTURAL TRAGEDY. OF COURSE, THE CURRENT BREEN ADMINISTRATION OF TREVOR GOODCHILD WILL, IN ALL LIKELIHOOD, PROVE NO EXCEPTION.

CONSIDER THIS EXCERPT FROM A RECENT "ANALYSIS," COMMISSIONED BY THE MINISTRY OF INFORMATION OF BREGNA FOR THE NEW GOODCHILD ADMINISTRATION:

Disrecognized Space is the Official Designation of unknown territories (unofficially "known" as "Monica") adjacent to Bregna.

Though we are by no means on unfriendly terms with "Monica," we nevertheless acknowledge the spectre of a National Identity Crisis that makes certain measures necessary. The Containment Policy whose most evident manifestation is the array of Border Defense mechanisms is in fact the result of a political issue much deeper and more profound than the former can ever hope to deal with.

Monica has no national identity. Even the term "Monica" is a Breen-invented colloquialism used in the absence of any name that the country would use to designate itself. Yet, as the saying goes, "Monica Is Everywhere"—a sociopolitical absence which ipso facto endangers our own definition as a nation-state, an anarchic void that threatens to consume our Breen identity. We are not at war with Monica, but as a republic, we must know what Monica is in order to define any relationship—social, political, cultural, or otherwise. That is why Monican Space is "Disrecognized": simply because no profile exists by which to recognize it.



DOES CHAIRMAN GOODCHILD LOOK LIKE A BENEVOLENT LEADER TO YOU??? AND, WHAT IS IT HE'S DOING THERE IN THE PICTURE! SOMETHING SUSPICIOUS!! THIS MAN IS SINISTER AND EVIL.

WILL YOU ALLOW YOURSELF TO BE WAYLAID FROM THE TRUTH BY A TAPESTRY OF LIES AND DELUSION??? WILL YOU INVITE A WORK OF DISINFORMATION AND EVIL TO DETERMINE YOUR WORLD-VIEW??? WILL YOU PERPETUATE THE PERNICIOUS PERPETRATION OF LIES? FIGHT THEIR CULTURE OF IGNORANCE! DESTROY THEIR GRAFTED HALF-TRUTHS OF THE MIND! REFUTE THE CULTURE OF THE EXTERMINATION OF TRUTH! JOIN OUR EFFORT TO REALIZE THE TRUTH SO UNACCEPTABLE TO THOSE WHO WOULD INTERPRET IT FOR YOU!!!

WE WERE ONE WE ARE ONE ONE I ONE WE ONE VISION ONE ALL

SPONSORED AND DISTRIBUTED BY THE BENGAMESIAN REUNIFICATION MOVEMENT

memorandum

TO: CHAIRMAN GOODCHILD

FROM: PRINCIPAL AGENT EUPHEMIA
DIRECTORATE OF BLACK OPERATIONS

DATE: 41.12.04AG

RE: BEROGNICAN REUNIFICATION MOVEMENT

My *Delicious* CHAIRMAN GOODCHILD:

Greetings from deep within the Monican state.

"Love is a crocodile on the river of desire." (It took me ten minutes to write that one sentence. Isn't that nice?) But not to worry. I am staying awake in hopes that I might work off this perpetual grief by delighting in you on paper, over and over again. And you'll be happy to know that it seems to be working.

Your suspicious suspicious suspicions regarding the Berognican Reunification Movement (BRM) have proved to be warm, meaty, and, as always, completely warranted.

This morning they assassinated Lieutenant Magenta and now Magenta is dead. MAGENTA IS DEAD! BUT NOT TO WORRY—I have taken care of everything. I won't get into the gory gory detail but I just thought you, of all people, should know that the Lieutenant died while trying to give 2nd Sister Hyacinth, the BRM's ninth in command and only elective mute, a mental enema. The result of Magenta's interrogation has clearly defined the BRM as a quasi-terrorist organization dedicated to the destruction of the wall and to the reunification of Bregna and Monica.

Now, and only now, do I finally understand your concerns about this organization and the need to do do AWAY WITH IT. Thus, attached to this memo are my recommendations of BRM targets to be eliminated and I feel warm, greasy, and almost confident that when these objectives are met, the BRM will no longer be a threat.

Always and Forever,

P.S. May I make the suggestion that we recruit a Monican agent agent to discreetly cope with with the BRM dilemma? May I? Any evidence of our own involvement in these wicked wonderful activities might lend unwanted credence to the BRM's claims and create martyrs of those who will soon be residing in molehills. Thank you.

TRANSMISSION VERIFICATION REPORT
X : 21235326

TARGET NAME: :
SERAFIN ESCELON

CLASSIFI: MONICAN NATIONALIST

RELEVANCE:
This is the only known photograph of Serafin Escelon, forefather and Overlord of the Berognican Reunification Movement: a bipartisan, parahistorical terrorist organization dedicated to the destruction of the border and the political, sociological, spiritual, and sexual reunification of Bregna and Monica into one state: "Berognica." Escelon is known to be an ever-so-suave utopist with a penchant for fine wine and dedicated women. He combines both of these passions as spiritual leader of the Oza Cult, all members of which are married, sinistrocerebral women between the ages of 18 and 32. Because his home is located inside the border wall, Escelon illegally claims citizenship in both Bregna and Monica-constantly traveling the underground with his zenana of young women. Although the Movement's origins are in Monica, intelligence informs us that Escelon's congregation is comprised of both Breen and Monican partisans-who gather together in a clandestine Monican sanctuary.

RECOMMENDATIONS:

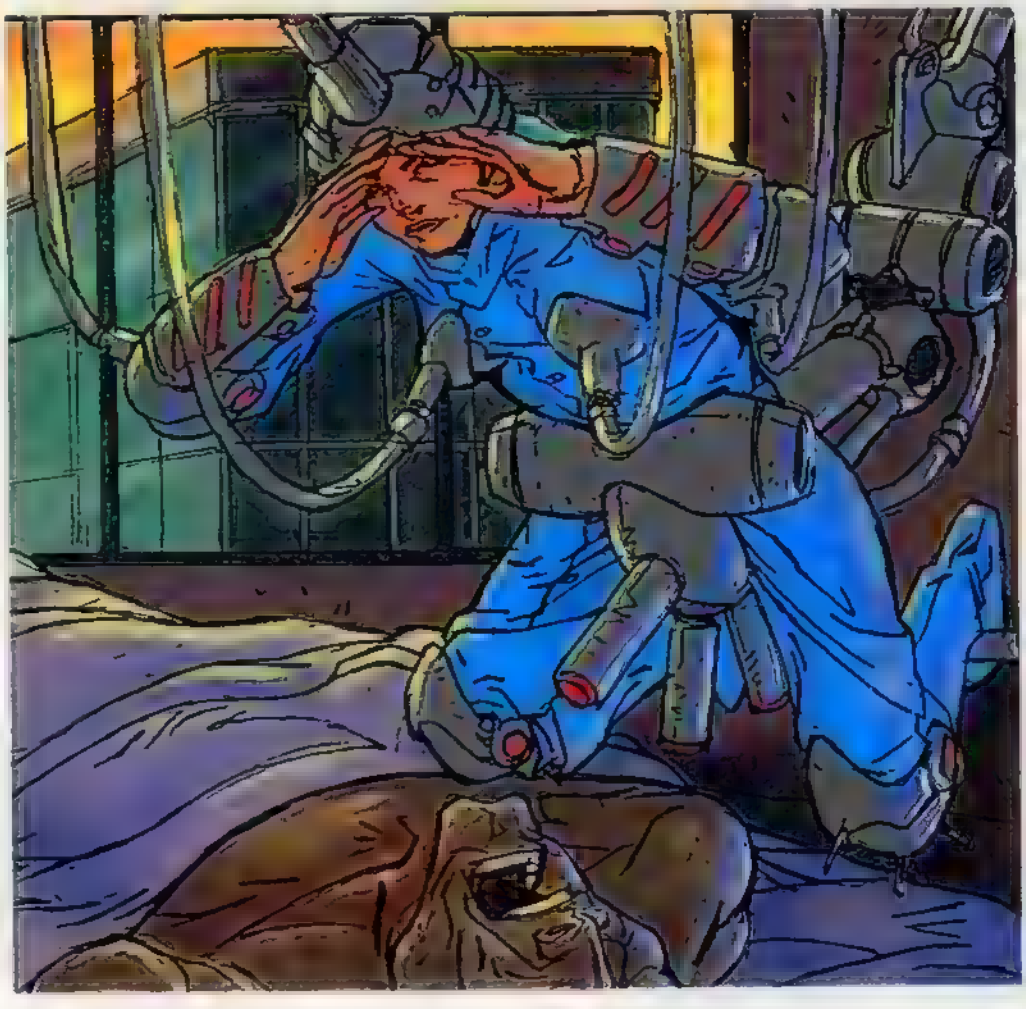
-LOCATE Serafin Escelon.

-ASSASSINATE Serafin Escelon by any means that would be publicly blamed on him and his followers.

-DESTROY Escelon's asylum in the wall.

PRIORITY-
HIGH 8

TRANSMISSION VERIFICATION REPORT
X : 21235326



TARGET

TARGETNAME: :

DR. FLUKTA MAROUCHE & THE MAROUCHE INSTITUTE

8

CLASSIFI: MONICAN NATIONALIST & STRUCTURE

RELEVANCE:

Dr. Flukta Marouche is a memorist: she records and catalogues the memories of the dead. The Marouche Institute is a public resource center where Monicans can come and experience time immemorial. By attempting to arouse, record, and chronicle "Berognican" memories of the past, Dr. Marouche is providing the BRM with an inventory of throwback propaganda and a place to market it. The Institute's funding, activities, and presence, as well as the opinions and actions of Dr. Marouche herself, have been traced directly back to the BRM- clearly defining her as one of its core members.

RECOMMENDATIONS:

- VILIFY Dr. Marouche.
- ERASE all memories held by Dr. Marouche.
- REPURPOSE the Marouche Institute into a maximum-security amusement park.

PRIORITY- HIGH 8

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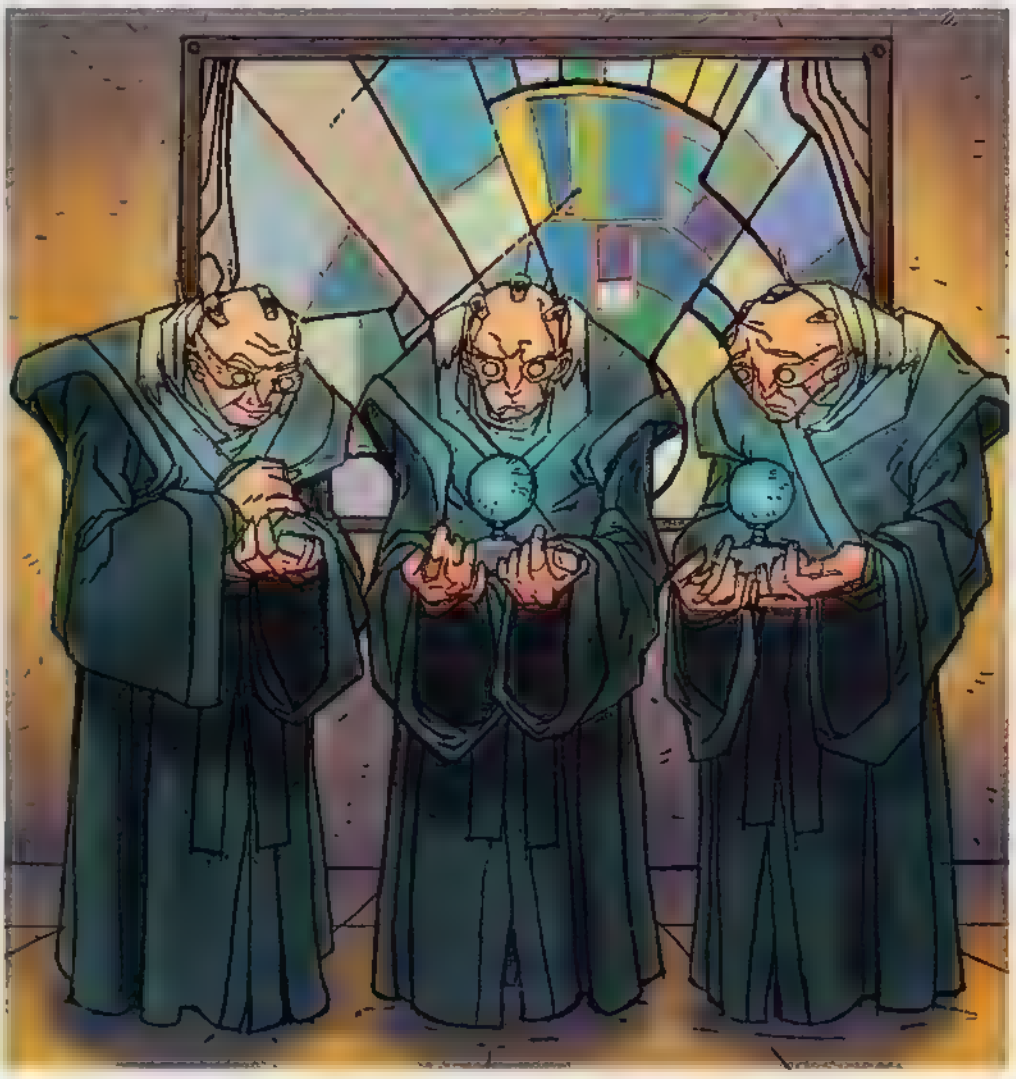


TARGETOBJECT

TARGETNAME: :

ICHABOD CREEM BERCHICOFF CREEM LUCIDIA CREEM

7

CLASSIFI: MONICAN NATIONALISTS

RELEVANCE:

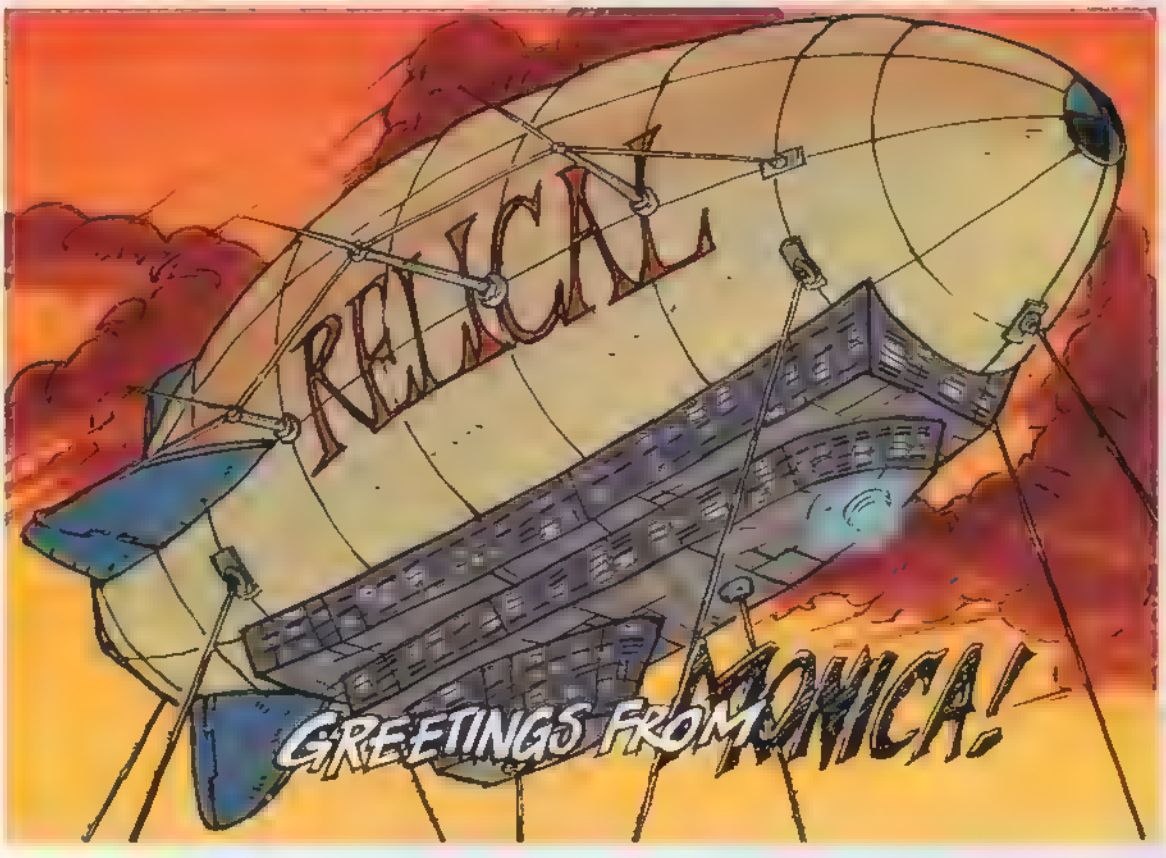
The Creem Brothers. Their anti-sub-historical maps and gazetteers depict a realm without a wall, illustrating a time when Monica and Bregna were a unified "Berognican" state. These maps are the evidentiary foundation for the Berognican Reunification Movement and are propagated in all BRM verse and text. We have yet to determine the trio's participation in the BRM, other than providing the Movement with access to their lush library of maps.

RECOMMENDATIONS:

-INTERROGATE all three brothers.
-DESTROY all relevant maps and media.
-EXECUTE all three brothers.
-SMEAROP that discredits all three brothers.

PRIORITY-HIGH

TARGET



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TARGETNAME: :
MONICA RELICAL

7

CLASSIFI: MONICAN STRUCTURE

RELEVANCE:
Airborne archeological depository and museum filled with relics and media. The BRM recently made a substantial contribution to the RELICAL in the form of a large collection of "Berognican" artifacts that attempt to substantiate their claims of a one-world past.

RECOMMENDATIONS:

-INTERCEPT & DESTROY Relical and all materials there within.

PRIORITY-
HIGH

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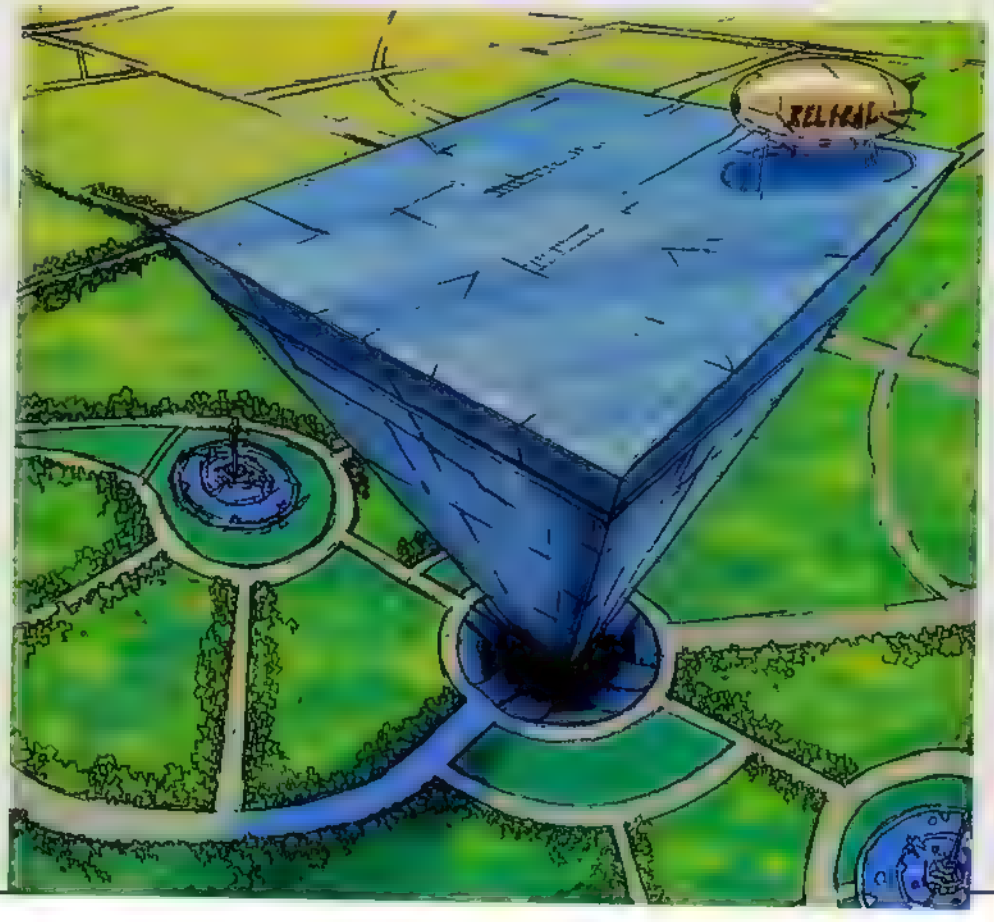


TARGETNAME: :
THE NECROPOLIS (THE HQ)

8

CLASSIFI: MONICAN STRUCTURE

RELEVANCE:
The Necropolis is where Monicans bury their dead. Hidden within this superstucture of catacombs is "The HQ"—otherwise known as BRM Headquarters. The HQ is the organization's nerve center, the place where the Movement's core members regularly convene to create and dictate policy. Meeting dates, directives, and other encoded information are surreptitiously communicated through funeral announcements in the obituary section of the Monican necrophilia porno rag, *NecroFile*. Meetings are convened under the guise of funerals; the eulogy contains the hidden propagandistic messages and instructions.

RECOMMENDATIONS:
-LOCATE "The HQ."
-DESTROY all relevant literature, media, and positively preserved bodily fluids.
-ENTOMB "The HQ" and LAY TO REST all of the BRM's core members.

PRIORITY-
HIGH 8

TARGET FILE

PERSONAL DICTATION: TREVOR GOODCHILD (TRANSCRIPT)
DATE: 42.12.04AG

0:00 I HAVE BEEN ACCUSED OF CARING NOTHING FOR THE TRUTH. BUT ON THE
0:04 CONTRARY, I VALUE THE TRUTH SO
0:07 HIGHLY THAT I MAKE SURE IT IS HIDDEN AWAY SOMEPLACE SAFE, WHERE
0:13 IT IS NOT SOILED BY DIRTY HANDS, EMBARRASSED BY PRYING EYES, OR
0:19 WORN OUT THROUGH OVERUSE. THE TRUTH IS AN ESSENTIAL FOUNDATION
0:23 FOR ALL OUR ENTERPRISES, BUT IT IS A DELICATE FOUNDATION WHICH
0:30 MUST BE BUTTRESSED BY GOOD SOLID FICTIONS. IT IRRITATES ME TO NO
0:34 END WHEN MYOPIC ZEALOTS, SO CLEARLY WRONG ABOUT SO MANY
0:40 THINGS TO BEGIN WITH, PLACE SOME CONCEPT OF THE TRUTH ABOVE THE
0:44 COMMON GOOD. THESE PEOPLE ARE MERELY USING THE TRUTH TO THEIR
0:47 OWN ENDS, AND I MUST DO THE SAME FOR THE SAKE OF THE FUTURE--WHICH
0:50 ULTIMATELY IS THE ONLY TRUTH THAT MATTERS. IT'S MY RESPONSIBILITY, AND I SHALL NOT SHIRK IT. STILL,
0:55 I AM PLEASED THAT EUPHEMIA PROPOSES A MONICAN AGENT TO UNDERTAKE THIS MISSION. IF ONE IS
0:59 SUBVERTING THE TRUTH, IT IS PARTICULARLY IMPORTANT THAT ONE CONCEAL THE TRUTH OF THE SUBVERSION.
THE BRM TELL THE TRUTH. THE TRUTH IS DANGEROUS. THE TRUTH MUST BE STAMPED OUT.

LOCATOR

SECTOR 34X DRIFT
HX34-8
PLAIN OF
NOTHINGNESS.....

CLEARANCE CODE 10

OPERATION HERODOTUS
MISSION DIRECTIVE

TO: All Relevant Directorates
FROM: Chairman Goodchild
DATE: 43.12.04AG
RE: Operation "Herodotus" Mission Directive

The Berognican Reunification Movement are a pack of liars. Lies are dangerous and must be stamped out. Disregard all propaganda originating from and circulated by the BRM. The BRM is just a lavish fabrication, a diversion by fanatics for fanatics. And may I remind each and every one of you that to treat your facts with imagination is one thing, to imagine your facts is another. We must never forget that the past is a foreign country. They do things differently there. The future is now, the past was never, and the present is here in this, our glorious republic. One realm, one people, one leader.

OPERATION HERODOTUS is the executive order initiative by which we will:

(1) Eliminate the Berognican Reunification Movement.
(2) Controvert all of the inherent consequences of its existence.

This operation has two directives:

- (0251) ERADICATION OF THE BEROGNICAN REUNIFICATION MOVEMENT. THE SCOPE OF THIS DIRECTIVE INCLUDES: ALL PERSONS, PLACES, OR THINGS CONNECTED OR RELATED TO THE BEROGNICAN REUNIFICATION MOVEMENT.

- (0351) TERMINATION OF ALL PERSONS AND DOCUMENTATION RELATED TO THIS OPERATION.

These directives are effective immediately.

Resolved, Sealed, and Signed,

Trevor Goodchild

OFFICIAL COMPANY SEAL

NAME: LUDIVIGO OPINEET

ALIAS: Mookoonoo Reno

SEX: male **AGE:** approx 55 **HAIR:** black

EYES: blue **WEIGHT:** 156 **HEIGHT:** 5'3"

VISION: 20/4 **HAND:** left **FOOT:** right

SPECIALTIES: Arson, munitions, biological weaponry, thermodynamic implosion, ventriloquism.

EFFICIENCY: 94.177

INFO:

MR. OPINEET IS SOMEWHAT OF A LEGEND AMONG SABOTEURS. DURING HIS VERY FIRST "APPOINTMENT," HE HAD TWO FINGERS BLOWN OFF HIS LEFT HAND, BUT BY SHEER COINCIDENCE WAS BORN WITH SEVEN FINGERS ON THAT HAND. A PIONEER IN THE ART OF DETONATION, HE WAS THE FIRST TO USE THE NOW POPULAR "PSYCHIC TRIGGER" (A TRIGGERING DEVICE WHICH IS SET OFF BY SOMEONE'S THOUGHTS). OF HIS KNOWN 156 OPERATIONS, HE HAS FAILED ONLY IN ONE INSTANCE, WHEN A "PSYCHIC TRIGGER" FAILED TO DETONATE BECAUSE NO ONE IN THE VICINITY THOUGHT THE WORD "ORTHODONTOPHOBIA" (FEAR OF TEETH), AND IT IS SAID THAT TO THIS DAY THERE ARE FIVE TONS OF CX-769 EXPLOSIVES IN A MEN'S ROOM SOMEWHERE IN MONICA WAITING.

COMMENTS:

LUDIVIGO OPINEET IS AT THE TOP OF HIS FIELD. HE COMES HIGHLY RECOMMENDED FROM SOME VERY RELIABLE AND SOME VERY UNRELIABLE SOURCES. UNFORTUNATELY, OUT OF HIS FIELD OF EXPERTISE HE IS A LOOSE CANNON. HE IS ALSO A PUBLIC FIGURE, AND I QUESTION THE WISDOM OF HIRING A SELF-PROFESSED "ARSONIST" FOR ANY COVERT OPERATION. THAT ASIDE, HIS RATES ARE COMPETITIVE. HE CAN BE CONTACTED THROUGH HIS BOOKING AGENT.

FROM THE DESK OF SUBDIRECTOR PILF

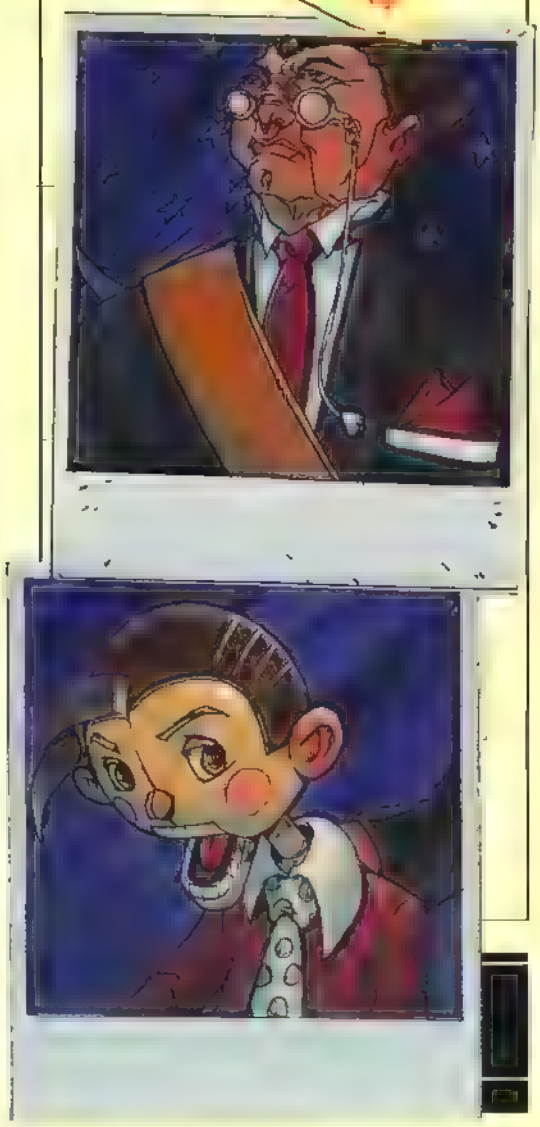
Chairman Goodchild

Here is my departments catalogue of Vrable Monican Agents, as requested by your office. 245 people perished in the compiling of this report. I myself have been caustically wounded, alas my poor penmanship. Choose carefully, loyalty is a fragile commodity in these irresolute days.

Sexically

Subdirector Pilf

P.S. beware of



54.12.04AG

OPERATION: HERODOTUS

SUBJECT: MONICAN AGENT ASSESSMENTS

PREPARED BY: SUBDIRECTOR PILF

DIRECTORATE OF BLACK OPERATIONS

FOR: CHAIRMAN GOODCHILD

AGENT 73457

NAME: STENWILLI NILPFERD

ALIAS: Strobo

SEX: male **AGE:** 32 **HAIR:** brown

EYES: brown **WEIGHT:** 110 **HEIGHT:** 5'10"

VISION: 20/20 **HAND:** right **FOOT:** right

SPECIALTIES: The eradication and neutralization of photographers.

EFFICIENCY: 100 (in his very specialized field)

INFO:

STENWILLI NILPFERD IS AN ENIGMATIC FIGURE ON THE DARKER, OUTER EDGES OF COUNTERESPIONAGE. DUE TO A SCARRING CHILDHOOD INCIDENT (HIS MOTHER SWALLOWED A LIGHT METER AND WAS GIVEN AN EMERGENCY TRACHEOTOMY), NILPFERD LEARNED EVERYTHING HE COULD ABOUT PHOTOGRAPHERS, THEIR ART AND EQUIPMENT, IN ORDER TO SYSTEMATICALLY RID THE WORLD OF THEIR "BLIGHT." AFTER BEING FIRED FROM A VARIETY OF JOBS, HE FINALLY FOUND A WAY TO SUPPLEMENT HIS INCOME BY MEANS OF HIS OBSESSION. HE IS AN ASSASSIN, A PERFECTIONIST, WHOSE SOLE PURPOSE IS ELIMINATING PHOTOGRAPHERS. AS IMPRACTICAL AS THIS MAY SEEM AT FIRST, HE HAS BEEN HIRED FOR HIS "TALENTS" IN OVER 300 KNOWN OPERATIONS, ALL SUCCESSFUL. HE IS A VERY PRIVATE MAN AND, NEEDLESS TO SAY, HE DOESN'T LIKE TO HAVE HIS PICTURE TAKEN.

COMMENTS:

IF THE ELIMINATION OF A PHOTOGRAPHER IS NEEDED, THERE SIMPLY IS NO EQUAL TO THIS MAN. HIS MISSIONS ARE FLAWLESS AND DISCREET. ON THE DOWN SIDE, KILLING PHOTOGRAPHERS IS REALLY THE ONLY THING HE CAN AND WILL DO. HE WILL BE IN TOUCH WITH US.

PRIZMAC IMAGES

CROSS REF: FILE Nos:
Possible duplicity

54.12.04AG
OPERATION: HERODOTUS
SUBJECT: MONICAN AGENT ASSESSMENTS
PREPARED BY: SUBDIRECTOR PILF
FOR: DIRECTORATE OF BLACK OPERATIONS
CHAIRMAN GOODCHILD

agent6659

NAME: ATILDA RAMM

ALIAS: Ms. Nosh

SEX: female **AGE:** 48 **HAIR:** red

EYES: green **WEIGHT:** 657 **HEIGHT:** 5'10"

VISION: 20/20 **HAND:** right **FOOT:** right

SPECIALTIES: Smuggling, belly-dancing.

EFFICIENCY: 96.576

ATTACH ONLY STANDARD PRIZMAC IMAGES

ATTACH ONLY STANDARD PRIZMAC IMAGES

INFO:

ATILDA RAMM'S BODY ABOUNDS WITH UNDETECTABLE FUNK-HOLES, CAVERNOUS ORIFICES, PUSSLE-GUTTED DUG-OUTS, DARK RECESSES, DEEP NOOKS, AND UNCHARTED CRANNIES. BENEATH THAT VOLUME OF GLOBULOUS FLESH IS ENOUGH STOWAGE CAPACITY TO COMFORTABLY CONCEAL TWO FULLY ARMED COMMANDOS, ONE TON OF EXPLOSIVES, OR ENOUGH WEAPONS AND AMMUNITION TO LAVISHLY OUTFIT A BRIGADE FOR TWO MONTHS. MS. RAMM IS AN EXPERT AT SMUGGLING THINGS INSIDE AND OUTSIDE OF HER BODY WHICH CAN LATER BE EXTRACTED THROUGH SECRETION, REGURGITATION, OR A GOOD BOWEL MOVEMENT. THIS IS A NO-NONSENSE WOMAN WHOSE SERVICES ARE IN HIGH DEMAND ON BOTH SIDES OF THE WALL. SHE IS ALSO PROFICIENT WITH ALMOST EVERY KIND OF HAND-THROWN MISSILE, NONE OF WHICH SHE IS SHY TO USE. WHAT SHE LACKS IN SUBTLETY, SHE MORE THAN MAKES UP FOR IN RESULTS. SHE HAS YET TO BE CAUGHT IN THE ACT OF SMUGGLING AND HAS ONLY ONCE BEEN TRACED TO A CACHE OF ARMS BY THE REMNANTS OF BODY FLUIDS ON AN MMD-45 LAUNCHER. SHE NOW CARRIES WET-NAPS.

COMMENTS:

MS. RAMM IS A MEAN, MEAN WOMAN. SHE IS VERY PROFESSIONAL AND TYPICALLY DEMANDS PAYMENT UP FRONT. NOT KNOWING ALL THE DETAILS OF OPERATION HERODOTUS, I CAN ONLY RECOMMEND HER EFFICIENCY AND PERFORMANCE, WHICH IS UNPARALLELED, AS WELL AS HIGHLY UNUSUAL. HER CALL # IS GJ-5557-87, LEAVE YOUR CALL # WITH THIS MESSAGE: "MY RASH HAS RETURNED" YOU WILL BE CONTACTED SOON AFTER.

CROSS REF. FILE Nos:
Possible duplicity

34:12:04AG

OPERATION: HERODOTUS

SUBJECT: MONICAN AGENT ASSESSMENTS

PREPARED BY: SUBDIRECTOR PILF

DIRECTORATE OF BLACK OPERATIONS

FOR: CHAIRMAN GOODCHILD

agent34382

name: LOQUAT

alias: (too many to list)

sex: unknown **age:** unknown **hair:** unknown

eyes: unknown **weight:** unknown **height:** unknown

vision: unknown **hand:** right **foot:** unknown

specialties: Disguise, close quarter combat, escape and evasion, infiltration.

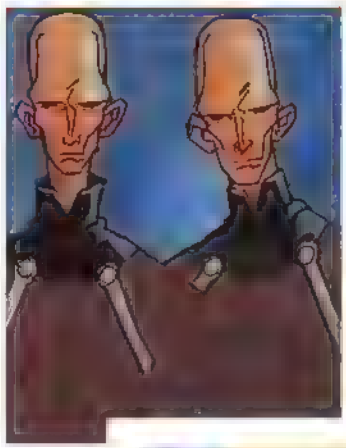
efficiency: 98.998

info:

VERY LITTLE IS KNOWN ABOUT LOQUAT EXCEPT THAT HE/SHE IS A MASTER OF COVERT COSTUMING. ALL THESE PHOTOGRAPHS ARE SAID TO DEPICT HIM/HER. WE CAN ONLY ASSUME LOQUAT CHOOSES TO KEEP HER/HIS ACTUAL IDENTITY A SECRET FOR DEFENSIVE REASONS AS HE/SHE HAS INFILTRATED SOME OF THE MOST SENSITIVE AREAS IN BOTH BREGNA AND MONICA. LOQUAT HAS ALLEGEDLY BEEN INVOLVED IN OVER 1,200 OPERATIONS. IT IS POSSIBLE THAT LOQUAT IS IN OUR SERVICE NOW WITHOUT OUR KNOWLEDGE. IT IS ALSO POSSIBLE THAT LOQUAT IS DEAD OR JUST AN ILLUSION. WHEN HE/SHE IS ACTIVATED, THE OBJECTIVES ARE ALWAYS CARRIED OUT TO THE LETTER (ASSASSINATIONS, REMOVAL OF REALLY SENSITIVE THINGS, ETC.) AND PAYMENT IS RENDERED WITHOUT ANYONE EVER HAVING DIRECT CONTACT WITH LOQUAT HERSELF/HIMSELF.

comments:

AS I STATED EARLIER, WE KNOW NEXT TO NOTHING ABOUT LOQUAT EXCEPT THAT HE/SHE IS VERY EFFECTIVE. AND THUS THE DILEMMA: IF, AS IS OCCASIONALLY THE CASE IN SUCH MATTERS, IT IS NECESSARY TO "TERMINATE" YOUR CONTRACT WITH LOQUAT, IT WILL BE VIRTUALLY IMPOSSIBLE TO LOCATE HER/HIM. TO CONTACT LOQUAT, ONE MUST SEND A SMALL BLOND BOY TO A LADIES' LINGERIE STORE ON SEMONIAL STREET IN FOOKBRIN. ONCE THERE, HE MUST ASK THE CLERK FOR A CERTAIN LINOLEUM "NIGHTIE," WHICH HE WILL BRING WITH HIM INTO CHANGING ROOM #6. AFTER PUTTING ON THE NIGHTIE HE MUST STAND ON THE CHAIR IN ROOM #6 AND SAY, "I'M IN REALLY GOOD NOW, LEGETI. I'VE BEEN AS BUSY AS A VORTEX. COME FORWARD OR GET INSIDE, CHERRY BLOOD." HE MUST THEN FEIGN ASTONISHMENT AND BOLT OUT THE DOOR AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE STORE. IF THE CLERK STOPS HIM, LOQUAT WILL NOT TAKE THE ASSIGNMENT. IF THE BOY GETS OUT, LOQUAT WILL CARRY OUT THE ASSIGNMENT. HOW HE FINDS OUT THE DETAILS OF THE OPERATION IS STILL UNKNOWN. I CAUTIOUSLY RECOMMEND LOQUAT.



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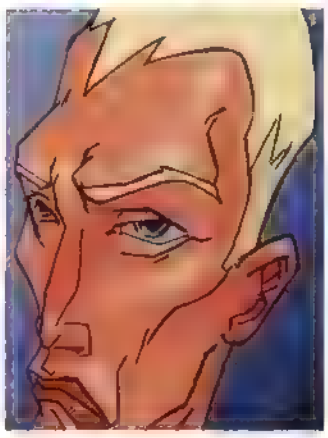
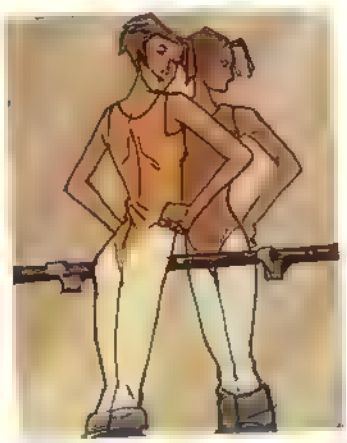




RD

CROSS REF: FILE Nos:
Possible duplicity

54.12.04AG
OPERATION:
SUBJECT:
PREPARED BY:
FOR:

MONICAN AGENT ASSESSMENTS
SUBDIRECTOR PILF
DIRECTORATE OF BLACK OPERATIONS
CHAIRMAN GOODCHILD

AGENT4567L

NAME: AEON FLUX

ALIAS: none

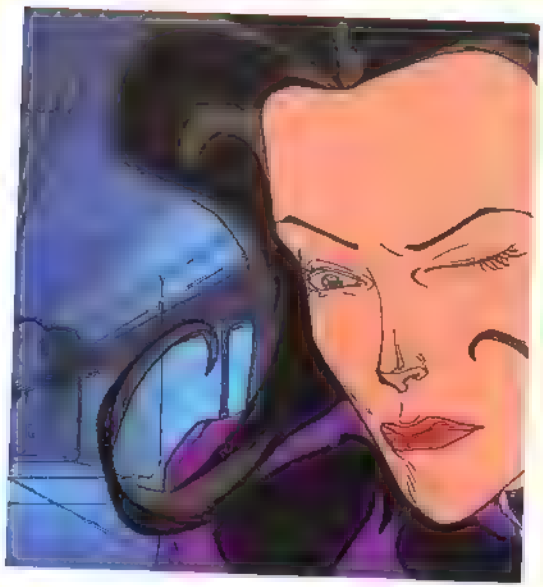
SEX: female **AGE:** approx 28 **HAIR:** black

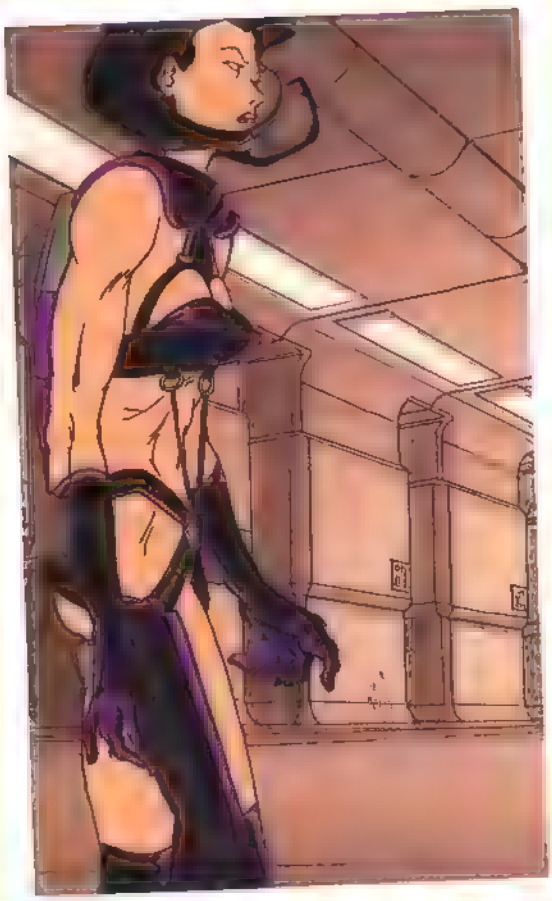
EYES: blue **WEIGHT:** 108 **HEIGHT:** 5'8"

VISION: 20/20 **HAND:** right **FOOT:** right

SPECIALTIES: Assassination, seduction, domination, modeling.

EFFICIENCY: Uncalculated





INFO:

THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NO RECORD OF AEON FLUX'S EXISTENCE UNTIL THREE YEARS AGO, WHEN AN ADVERTISEMENT BEARING HER NAME AND LIKENESS APPEARED IN *FOOZWAK*, A MONICAN FOOT-FETISHIST PUBLICATION. SINCE THEN, SHE HAS ESTABLISHED A REPUTATION AS AN EXTREMELY SOUGHT-AFTER DOMINATRIX AND MODEL, AS WELL AS—IN SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT CIRCLES—ASSASSIN AND ESPIONAGE EXPERT. INFORMATION AS TO HER METHODS IS SCANT, BUT IT IS PRESUMED THAT HER SEXUAL EXPERTISE IS AT LEAST ONE OF HER WEAPONS. SHE IS REPUTED TO BE VERY EFFECTIVE, BUT WE HAVE NO CONCRETE EVIDENCE LINKING HER TO ANY PARTICULAR TARGET; IN OTHER WORDS, SHE SEEMS QUITE CAPABLE OF COVERING HER TRACKS PERFECTLY. WE KNOW SHE HAS WORKED FOR MONICAN CAUSES ON OCCASION, BUT SHE APPEARS TO BE AN INDEPENDENT OPERATIVE WITH NO PARTICULAR ALLEGIANCES.

COMMENTS:

THE APPARENT DEARTH AND/OR UNCERTAINTY OF INFORMATION ON THIS CANDIDATE PRECLUDES ANY COGENT ANALYSIS OF HER STRENGTHS AND WEAKNESSES, BUT AT THE SAME TIME IT SAYS A GREAT DEAL FOR HER SKILLS AS A COVERT OPERATIVE. AMONG THOSE WHO CONCERN THEMSELVES WITH THIS SORT OF THING, SHE HAS AN IMPECCABLE REPUTATION, BUT ONE SUSPECTS THIS REPUTATION RESTS ON RUMOR RATHER THAN HARD FACT. AS WE KNOW TOO WELL, RENOWN IS NO GUARANTEE OF RELIABILITY. MOREOVER, THE TERM "INDEPENDENT" WAS USED MORE THAN ONCE BY INFORMANTS IN DESCRIBING THE SUBJECT, AND OUR EXPERIENCE HAS BEEN THAT "INDEPENDENCE" TRANSLATES TO "UNPREDICTABILITY."

possible duplicity

54.12.04AC

OPERATION: [redacted] ASSESSMENTS

SUBJECT: MONICAN AGENT

PREPARED BY: SUBDIRECTOR PILF

DIRECTORATE OF BLACK OPERATIONS

FOR: CHAIRMAN GOODCHILD

PERSONAL DICTATION: TREVOR GOODCHILD
(TRANSCRIPT)
DATE: 54.12.04AG

0:00 PILF'S LIST PRESENTS MANY INTRIGUING POSSI-
BILITIES. THESE ARE ALL PEOPLE I'D LIKE TO
0:07 GET TO KNOW BETTER--IF NOT, PERHAPS, INVITE
TO DINNER WITH MOTHER (ON THE OTHER HAND,
0:14 MOTHER DOES HAVE PECULIAR TASTES). I AM
FASCINATED BY MISS RAMM--BY HER SHEER BULK
0:23 BULK IS OFTEN HIGHLY INEFFICIENT--IT TENDS
TO JUST SIT THERE--SO WHEN I SEE BULK GETTING
RESULTS IT'S, WELL, IT'S QUITE SATISFYING. ON
0:29 THE OTHER HAND, I AM NOT PERSUADED THAT ALL
HER BRUTALITY IS STRICTLY NECESSARY, AND MY
0:41 EXPERIENCE HAS BEEN THAT UNNECESSARY BRUTALITY
CAN HAVE UNINTENDED--AND UNDESIRABLE--
0:50 CONSEQUENCES. OPINEET AND NILPFERD ARE
CLEARLY SPECIALISTS AND THEREFORE NOT REALLY
APPROPRIATE TO THE TASK AT HAND, WHICH
0:58 REQUIRES A MORE COMPLETE SET OF SKILLS. ONE
WOULD HAVE TO SAY THEN THAT LOQUAT SEEMS
THE IDEAL CANDIDATE. HE CAN BE ANYTHING AT
1:10 ANY TIME FOR ANY SITUATION. IN ESSENCE,
THEN, HE IS A FICTION, AND A FICTION IS
1:17 WHAT WE NEED IN A CASE OF DESTROYING FACT
YET THIS AEON [illegible] HAS SOME SPECIAL
1:23 CHARACTERISTICS THAT MAKE HER MOST APPEAL-
ING. HER PUBLIC PERSONA IS A PLUS SHOULD
1:36 SHE GET [illegible] IN THE ACT, THE SCANDAL
SHEETS WOULD HAVE A FIELD DAY, FURTHER
OBSCURING THE [illegible] BEHIND THE FACADE. AND
1:45 HER PRIVATE LIFE, OF WHICH WE SEEM TO KNOW
SO LITTLE, MIGHT PROVE QUITE STIMULATING TO
1:52 UNCOVER. I WONDER WHAT SET OF CIRCUMSTANCES
CREATED A [illegible] LIKE THIS. SO, LOQUAT OR
2:38 FLUX? NO ONE KNOWS WHAT LOQUAT LOOKS LIKE;
FLUX'S PHOTO CAN BE FOUND ON EVERY NEWS-
STAND IN METRO-CITY. YET BOTH ARE ENIGMAS, WITH
NOTHING MORE TO GO ON. I CHOOSE LOQUAT
2:58 [illegible] IS MADE. I FEEL SOMEHOW
[illegible] RIGHT OR WRONG. I WON'
4:00 DIE. IF I DO, AT LEAST I WANT TO BE TRAPPED
[illegible] MY OWN CHOICE, SIMPLY
[illegible] RESTRICTED BY OUR
4:11 [illegible].

LOCATOR

SECTOR 6232
HX34-8
SUB-CATACOMB

CLEARANCE CODE 10

FROM THE DESK OF
CHAIRMAN GOODCHILD

TO: Principal Agent Euphemia,
Directorate of Black Operations

FROM: Chairman Goodchild

DATE: 55.12.04AG

RE: Monican Agent

DIRECTOR EUPHEMIA

Upon review of Pilf's Agent Assessment Report, it appears the most qualified candidate for Operation Herodotus is AGENT 4567L "Aeon Flux." Please engage her.

APPROVED FOR AGENT 4567L "AEON FLUX."

Sealed and Signed,

Trevor Goodchild

Trevor Goodchild

Get me more on her. I need to know her from the inside out. TG.

TEAR FOIL34X

AEMBRANE

TO: CHAIRMAN GOODCHILD
FROM: PRINCIPAL AGENT EUPHEMIA
DIRECTORATE OF BLACK OPERATIONS
DATE: 01.13.04AG
RE: AEON FLUX

My dear dear Chairman (and so you are):

I am recently returned from Monica—a little country with which I believe you are acquainted. My purpose there was twofold: to take the waters, for which the region is justly famous, and to meet with our saucy little friend Aeon Flux.

I introduced myself as Vilmo Killosti, the embittered vice-viceroy of a BRM splinter group. (The good Mr. Killosti, by the by, is a real personage who unfortunately is currently detained in one of our clean, well-lighted Breen prisons.) Naturally, Ms. Flux would be more of a fool than we have reason to believe she is (which is no fool at all—an analysis which in every respect was borne out by our meeting), if in a situation like this she believed me to be, in fact, that person I said I was, but I assure you that I gave her no reason to suspect that I was a representative of yourself or our government. On the contrary, I seeded my obviously fake fake identity as Mr. Killosti with the subtlest of hints of an underlying fake true identity, which I suspect Ms. Flux picked up on. If Ms. Flux is the smart cookie we believe her to be, she will have begun to suspect that I am an agent of a large-scale smuggling operation with connections to corrupt parties within the Breen military. (I need hardly tell you that such an operation does in fact exist, so she will doubtless find corroboration for her suspicions if she chooses to pursue them.)

The overt purpose of my covert meeting with the fatally beautiful Ms. Flux was of course to persuade her of our good faith and to instruct her on the particulars of her assignment, which I did in as much detail as was warranted. But the covert purpose was to take the measure of each and every voluptuous, enigmatic curve of her mind and body. (In this undertaking I am, in all modesty, nothing less than a master—no nuance or hidden niche escapes my penetrating gaze—and this of course is the reason you pay me well and suffer my other, less exemplary qualities.)

So, you may well wonder, what did I make of our wily little enchantress? And then, the question of desire coolly put aside, how did I assess Ms. Flux in light of the mission for which we have retained her services?

I will say this: Aeon Flux is capable capable capable. Cool, quick, clever, capable. She is all that she was promised to be, and more. Killing, I am sure, comes as easily to her as seduction. When the moment comes, she will not hesitate to drive the blade home, but, equally important, she can be counted on to refrain from the unpleasant excesses which have characterized several of our recent freelance operations.

And yet, I am troubled, my captain, my chairman, my liege. Troubled to the depths of my soul. Something about this woman makes me uneasy. She is—how should I put this?—playful. I sat there thinking, "She is enjoying herself too much." She realizes that she is in mortal danger, and it delights her. I think she is indifferent to consequences. She believes a moment exists in and of and for itself. You and I know this is a game; she thinks it is a dance. You cannot win or lose a dance, and without the prospect of gain or loss, there is nothing for us to hold over her head. What promised reward would entice her; what threatened punishment terrify her?

Oh, my sweet steely-eyed chairman, what notions come to roost in this muddled head of mine! I have managed to turn our Miss Flux into an abstraction, and an abstraction is precisely what she is not. She is fleshy fleshy, my captain. Her keen intelligence conceals a rare outer beauty, as I'm sure a man of your vision must perceive, even at a distance. Only beware, I beg you. Do not hesitate, when the time comes, to do the needful thing. She will know too much and have to be terminated.

In the meantime, I have given Miss Flux her marching orders. We can only sit back and await results.

Yours oh my yes I am,

AEON FLUX
Services Rendered
Place personal in FOOZWAK, may respond
ON FLUX
TREVOR GOODCHILD
PERSONAL FILE

IS THERE LIFE AFTER DEATH?
YES! At The NECROPOLIS

Precinct 88459. (You Can't Miss It! So, DON'T.)

The Fun Starts At Midnight ('til ??) Seven Days A Week!

TUNE IN to the ULTIMATE TOMORROW

Dr. FLUKTA MAROUCHE at your SERVICES

Available for Private Sessions, Funerals, Wakes, Parties, and Massacres. She Reads the Memories of the Dead. She Peers into the Secrets of the Night Beyond All Worlds. Dr. Flukta Marouche, Memorist.

PRECIOUS BODILY FLUIDS? YES!

WE HAVE THEM!!!

PRESERVED URINE, BLOOD, MUCUS, AND GLANDULAR SECRETIONS—SOME SAMPLES HUNDREDS OF YEARS OLD!

GUARANTEED FRESH

ASK US ABOUT CELEBRITY SECRETIONS

GONDMAN & GONDMAN
14 HARROW

(WE ALSO BUY BODILY FLUIDS)

LOOKING FORWARD TO THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD? OF COURSE. BUT WAIT—

What about the legal implications?

Xian promises bodily resurrection of all the righteous, and many signs point to the fulfillment of these prophecies in our own lifetime—so now is the time to prepare for the imminent return of deceased relatives and ancestors. A joyous event—but could they be entitled to the return of their estate?!?! Could your great-great-grandfather move into your home? Could your aunt reclaim those precious heirlooms from your jewelry box? Could some Neanderthal who died 10,000 years before you were born take away your land?

Don't be scared—be prepared!

Cripany Marlow, attorney-at-law, specialist in the rights of the dead, will tell you what you can do to ensure you'll keep what's yours when the dead rise up.

The consultation is free

Call 7298-4213-37

DIED. Bubienne Boeingoir. AGE: 33. CAUSE: natural. SURVIVED BY: her daughters, Eleni and Shalena Boeingoir. SERVICES were conducted at The Necropolis, precinct 88459, last Thursday at dawn. We'll miss you.

DIED. Rubio Bonlolo. AGE: less than you'd have thought from looking at him, but certainly old enough to have known better. CAUSE: a long plunge from a high place, terminating in an abrupt collision with a section of pavement. SURVIVED BY: creditors, jilted lovers, drinking buddies who really didn't give a damn, and a son, Besem, whose conflicted feelings had been an unending source of pain to himself but apparently a matter of small concern to his father. SERVICES, complete with drinking and the ritual spilling of blood, will be conducted at The Necropolis over a three-day period sometime next spring or summer as circumstances permit.

DIED. The Creem Brothers: Ichabod, Berchicoff, Lucidi[illegible]. AGES: unknown. CAUSE: expiration under apparent and suspicious duress. SURVIVED BY: beloved friends and all other former members of their ever-attendant entourage of karmic valets. (The ones who always follow you, carrying around your excess karmic baggage for you and wanting a tip: Got directions to hell? Why can't I find any hell, today??) SERVICES were held (you missed it, suckers) at The Necropolis WAKEJAM, precinct 88459, last week.

DIED. Dorothy Doe. AGE: 44. CAUSE: natural. SURVIVED BY: husband, Sammy Doe. SERVICES were held at The Necropolis, precinct 88459, last Tuesday at 13:00. What in the hell is the matter with you! WHY

SERVICES ANNOUNCEMENTS

DID YOU HAVE TO DIE? Now half my life is in storage in some psychic bus-locker. You threw away the key. I have no piece of that any more. No peace at all.

DIED. Olana Formic. AGE: 28. CAUSE: acute intestinal distress. SURVIVED BY: a coterie of superficial but fun-loving friends. SERVICES will be held at The Necropolis, Precinct 88459, this Tuesday evening.

DIED. Maroon Gilda. AGE: 73. CAUSE: patricide. SURVIVED BY: anonymous witnesses. SERVICES were held at The Necropolis, precinct 88459, last Monday at 06:00. Wow, Maroon! Talk about the ULTIMATE REALITY CHECK—I guess you finally checked out. Thanks. P.S. Send me a postcard or something and have a good one, kiddo.

DIED. Pollyanna Goy. AGE: 29. CAUSE: accidental. SURVIVED BY: wife, Lucille Fey. SERVICES were held last Saturday at The Death Machine Funeral Lounge and Night Club, precinct 37848, at midnight. Go ahead, you hole. Leave me alone. Don't call and don't come around. So sick of your guilt trips.

DIED. Gweel the Elder. AGE: 116. CAUSE: complete desiccation. SURVIVED BY: Gweel the Younger, 13 Gweel-Wives, a host of minor Gweels, and the vast unGweel. SERVICES have and will be held throughout time and space, until the stars grow cold and the name of Gweel is forgotten even by the multitudinous swimming electrons in the ether.

DIED. HenriQue. Age: GX77. CAUSE: Corlax. SURVIVED BY: posterity. SERVICES will be held at The Necropolis, precinct 88459, at midnight tonight. (Don't be LATE.)

DIED. Waldo Itz. AGE: 85. CAUSE: homicide. SURVIVED BY: wife, Thumbalina Itz. SERVICES were held in the backyard of the Itz residence. Waldo, I'm going to kill you for this, I swear.

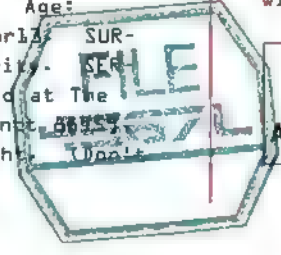
DIED. Vatik Jones. AGE: 79. CAUSE: suicide. SURVIVED BY: his mother, Caseopia Jones; his wife, Helena Delaney-Jones; and their son, Mathias. SERVICES were held at The Necropolis, precinct 88459, last Wednesday at 16:00. All your friends and loved ones are so sorry you couldn't handle it.

DIED. Mara Krillo. We don't care.

DIED. Eleanor Kunz. AGE: 19. CAUSE: auto-erotic asphyxiation. SURVIVED BY: husband, Dennis Kunz. SERVICES were conducted at QuiKrematik Drive-Thru, precinct 42378-4445 last Friday at 09:23. Look, you bitch—you didn't have to leave lipstick on the exhaust pipe, you know!! Now what am I supposed to do!

DIED. Morimo Muntz. AGE: 47. CAUSE: unmentionable. SURVIVED BY: 15 cats, his collected recipes, and a sterling reputation as a man of exquisitely lovely thoughts. SERVICES: none planned.

DIED. Inio Orunio. AGE: 61. CAUSE: natural. SURVIVED BY: Eva True, friend/acquaintance. SERVICES were conducted at The Necropolis, precinct 88459, last Sunday at dawn. You never loved me, darling. Now you never will.



Place your announcement here. Ad space available.

WHY SHOULD RECOLLECTION BE FROZEN IN STONE?

WHY NOT HONOR DEPARTED LOVED ONES WITH

A LIVING MEMORIAL

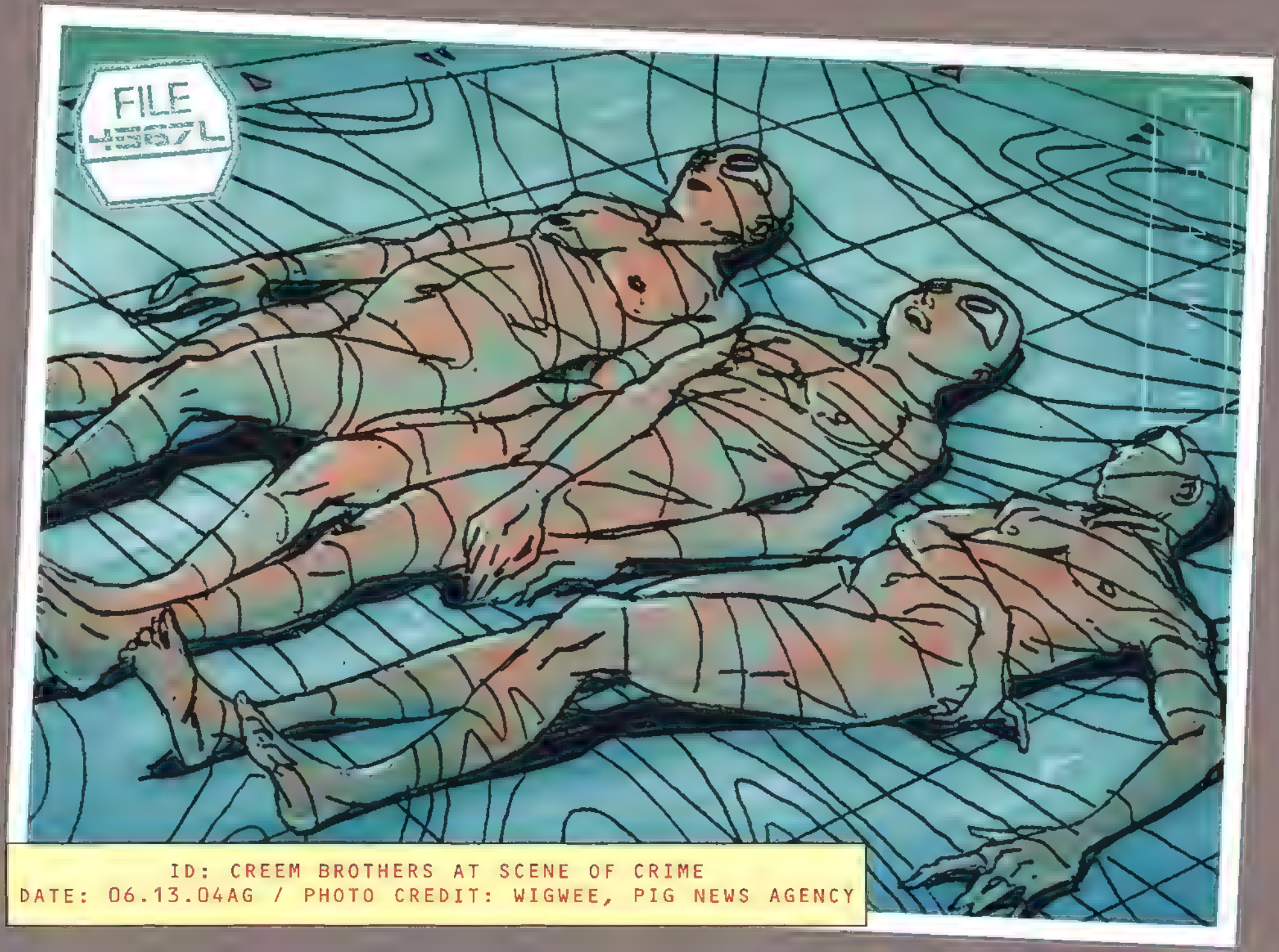
K. K. DUSSELBROT & SONS, MONUMENT SPECIALISTS FOR OVER 50 YEARS, ANNOUNCE A REVOLUTIONARY NEW CONCEPT TO REFLECT YOUR LOVING, LIVING RECOLLECTION—

THE COMMEMORATIVE BRAND

WHAT GREATER SIGN OF HONOR COULD THERE BE THAN, NOT ONE, BUT AN ENTIRE HERD OF PRIZE CATTLE PERMANENTLY BRANDED WITH THE NAME AND/OR LIKENESS OF YOUR LOVED ONE?

(THESE CATTLE MUST BE BRANDED ANYWAY, SO THERE IS NO ADDITIONAL INJURY OR DISCOMFORT INVOLVED, AND YOU WILL BE SURPRISED AT HOW REASONABLE THE PRICE IS—EVEN FOR HERDS CONTAINING OVER A THOUSAND HEAD.)

CALL 8008-BRAND-EM



ID: CREEM BROTHERS AT SCENE OF CRIME
DATE: 06.13.04AG / PHOTO CREDIT: WIGWEE, PIG NEWS AGENCY

AGENT NO: 4567L

TREVOR GOODCHILD PERSONAL FILE

3xMICROS

AEON FLUX PRACTICE TARGET

ROUNDS FIRED: 60

ACCURACY QUOTIENT: 98% (+/-2%)

Note: No NOTICEABLE VARIATION IN HOLE TOLERANCE +/-.000976

RADIO TRANSMISSION TRANSCRIPT 002/121/3b

RADIO TRANSMISSION TRANSCRIPT: 002/121/3b
MONICAN RESCUE TEAMS: 0361, 752, 997
OPERATION: NECROPOLIS RESCUE
SEGMENT: 236523 pli
DATE: 10.13.04AG

COMMAND - Team Leader 997, don't panic... Don't panic!

TEAM LEADER 997 - (screaming) What do you mean don't panic... Confusion worse confounded! Confusion worse confounded! Half my men are drooling and laughing while they just stand there with bloody noses--two of them just collapsed!

COMMAND - Team Leader 997, don't panic. This is perfectly normal--

(Team Leader transmission - cut off)

COMMAND - Team Leader 0361, status report.

TEAM LEADER 0361 - This is 0361... We could only seal off the secondary mains... One, three, and four are completely ruptured and out of control... Where is the gas coming from?

COMMAND - The gas is reportedly coming from the Southwest quadrant of level five...

TEAM LEADER 752 - Command, this is 752. I have confirmation for this. The gas is being released from some type of device located in one of the coffins.

COMMAND - What about bodies?

TEAM LEADER 0361 - It is hard to tell... We can barely see anything--our body-count as of now is at twenty-two.

COMMAND - 752, what is your body-count?

TEAM LEADER 752 - I have lost two of my own--have you been able to determine the type of agent we are dealing with?

COMMAND - The gas is a non-lethal incapacitating agent... ZTZ... No smell, visible vapor. It affects the heart and central nervous system, causing drooling, erratic itching of the genitals, nausea, diarrhea, nose bleeds, temporary blindness, manic laughter, and eventually sleep.

TEAM LEADER 0361 - How do we get the vapor to disperse?

COMMAND - You can't. ZTZ is a regenerative substance used for structural combat. Once it has been introduced to a given structure's environment, it will regenerate indefinitely--rendering the structure uninhabitable indefinitely--

TEAM LEADER 752 - So what do you want us to do?

COMMAND - Do a sweep of the entire complex, retrieve all relevant media, bodies, and artifacts--and then vacuum-seal the sucker off.

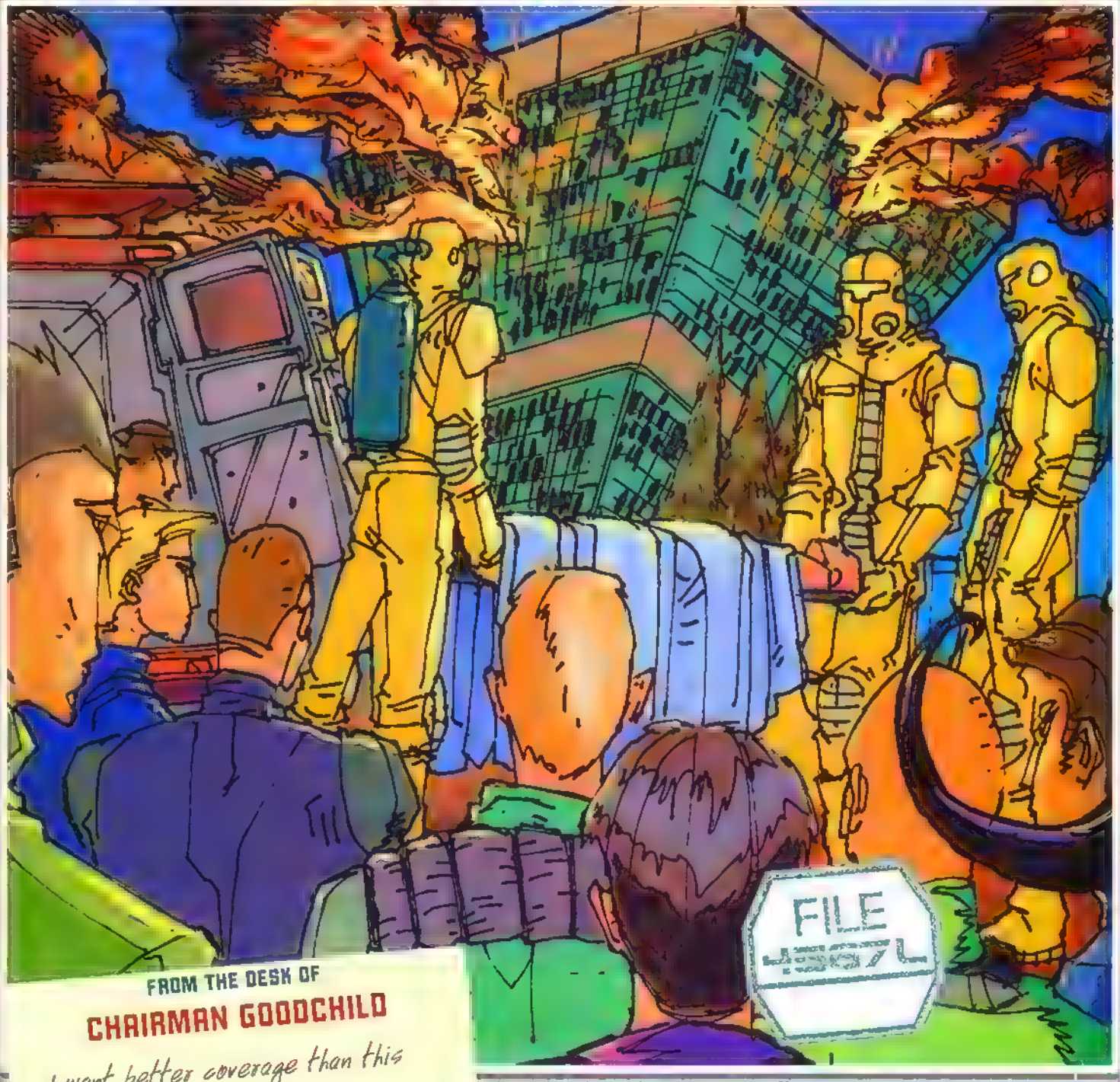
TEAM LEADER 752 - I'm going to need some wet-naps, power tools, and don't forget the honey-wagon. I am a man.

TEAM LEADER 0361 - You read my mind.

COMMAND - I know what you mean.

TRANSMISSION END

34.A23



FROM THE DESK OF

CHAIRMAN GOODCHILD

I want better coverage than this PIG drivel. From now on, please have Flux carry documentary capability on all her missions. We might learn something from her techniques. And where is my deep background on her?

TG

ROPOLIS DISASTER."
CREDIT: CARL GUZI, PIG NEWS AGENCY

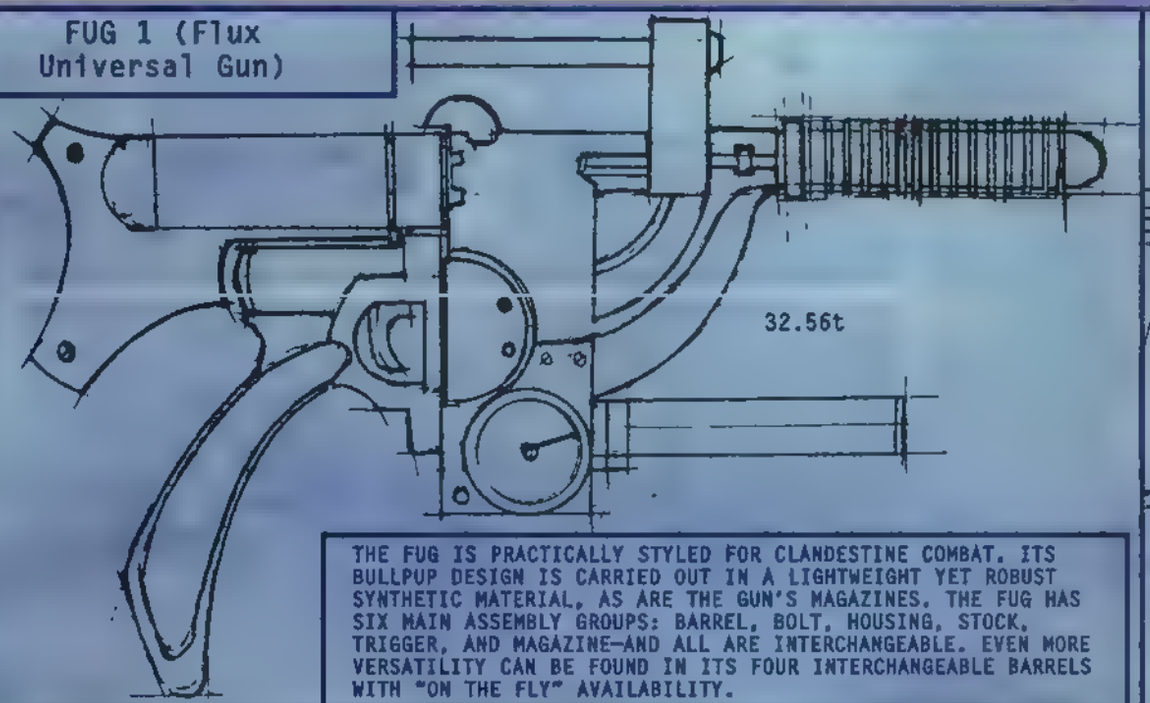
INTELLIGENCE REPORT 4567L

OPERATION: HERODOTUS
SUBJECT: WEAPONS BREAKDOWN, AEON FLUX
PREPARED BY: DIRECTOR CIRCE, DIRECTORATE OF COVERT OPERATIONS
FOR: CHAIRMAN GOODCHILD

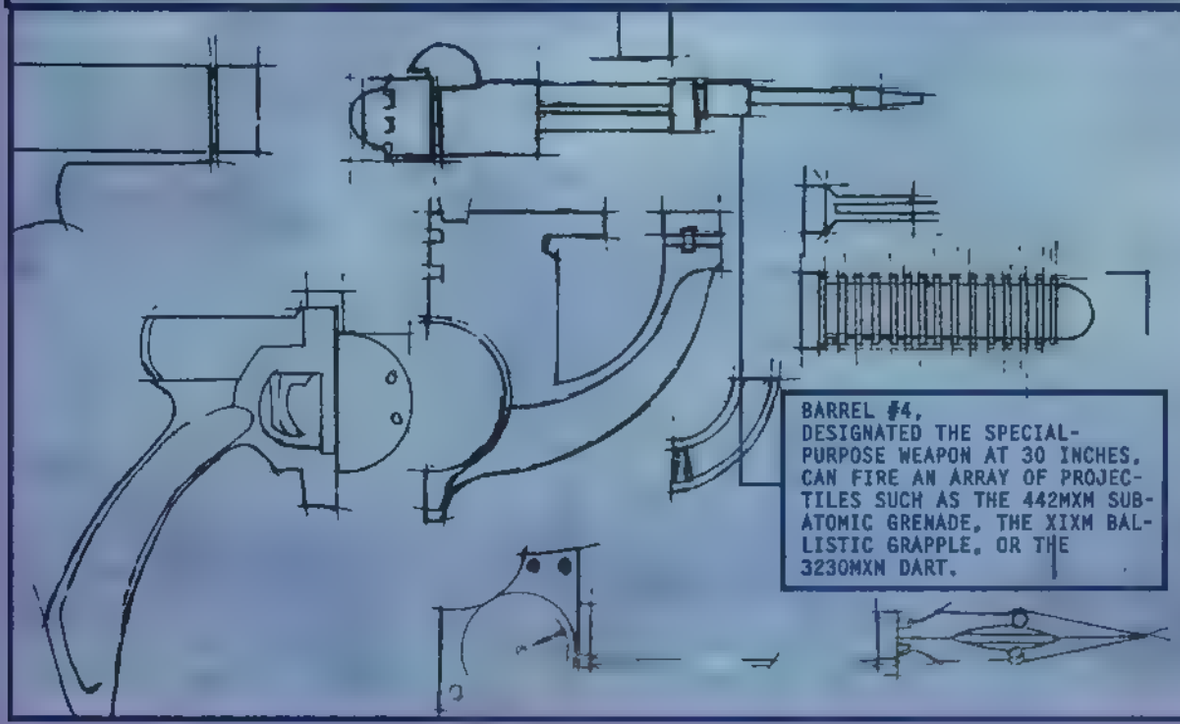
AS REQUESTED BY YOUR OFFICE, HERE IS A BREAKDOWN OF THE AEON FLUX ARSENAL.
ALL OF HER HARDWARE AND AMMUNITION IS CUSTOM-MADE BY A MONICAN WEAPONS SPECIALIST, LITO MENTRAGON.

B/P43O

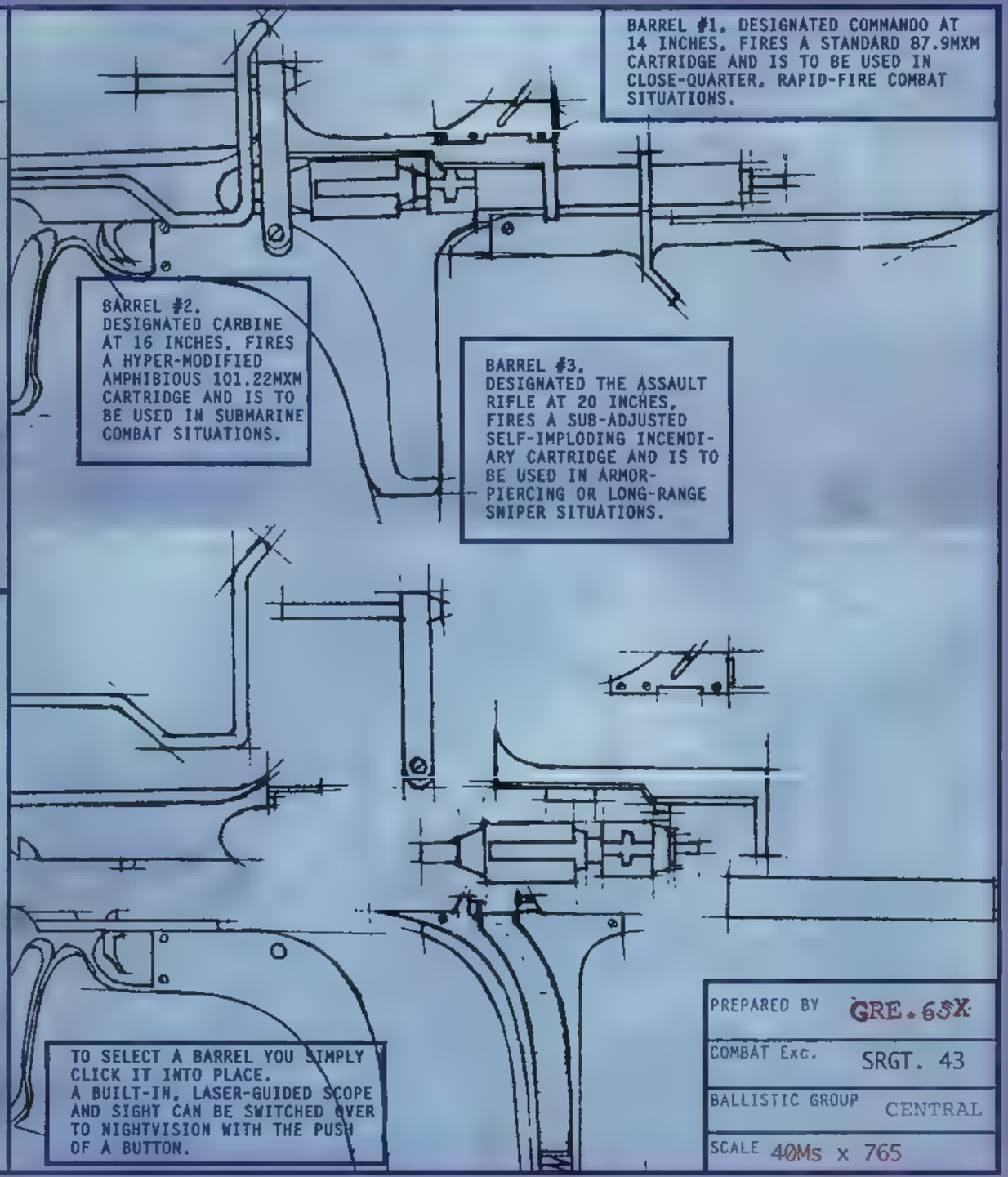
FUG 1 (Flux Universal Gun)



THE FUG IS PRACTICALLY STYLED FOR CLANDESTINE COMBAT. ITS BULLPUP DESIGN IS CARRIED OUT IN A LIGHTWEIGHT YET ROBUST SYNTHETIC MATERIAL, AS ARE THE GUN'S MAGAZINES. THE FUG HAS SIX MAIN ASSEMBLY GROUPS: BARREL, BOLT, HOUSING, STOCK, TRIGGER, AND MAGAZINE—AND ALL ARE INTERCHANGEABLE. EVEN MORE VERSATILITY CAN BE FOUND IN ITS FOUR INTERCHANGEABLE BARRELS WITH "ON THE FLY" AVAILABILITY.



BARREL #4,
DESIGNATED THE SPECIAL-PURPOSE WEAPON AT 30 INCHES, CAN FIRE AN ARRAY OF PROJECTILES SUCH AS THE 442MXM SUB-ATOMIC GRENADE, THE XIXM BALLISTIC GRAPPLE, OR THE 3230MXM DART.



BARREL #1, DESIGNATED COMMANDO AT 14 INCHES, FIRES A STANDARD 87.9MXM CARTRIDGE AND IS TO BE USED IN CLOSE-QUARTER, RAPID-FIRE COMBAT SITUATIONS.

BARREL #2,
DESIGNATED CARBINE AT 16 INCHES, FIRES A HYPER-MODIFIED AMPHIBIOUS 101.22MXM CARTRIDGE AND IS TO BE USED IN SUBMARINE COMBAT SITUATIONS.

BARREL #3,
DESIGNATED THE ASSAULT RIFLE AT 20 INCHES, FIRES A SUB-ADJUSTED SELF-IMPLODING INCENDIARY CARTRIDGE AND IS TO BE USED IN ARMOR-PIERCING OR LONG-RANGE SNIPER SITUATIONS.

TO SELECT A BARREL YOU SIMPLY CLICK IT INTO PLACE.
A BUILT-IN, LASER-GUIDED SCOPE AND SIGHT CAN BE SWITCHED OVER TO NIGHTVISION WITH THE PUSH OF A BUTTON.

PREPARED BY	GRE.63X
COMBAT Exc.	SRGT. 43
BALLISTIC GROUP	CENTRAL
SCALE	40Ms x 765

AEONFLUX/SUR.CAM.SEQUENCE.LOCATION.
PROB:WALL ORIFICE MAP LOC 435.89.0

PHOTO/SHEET 34.9 PHOTO/SHEET 34.9 PHOTO/SHEET 34.9 PHOTO/SHEET 34.9

TG-Came across the only known video footage of Flux in action- thought you might like to see the highlights.

-Euphemia

Lick my gamy ungula

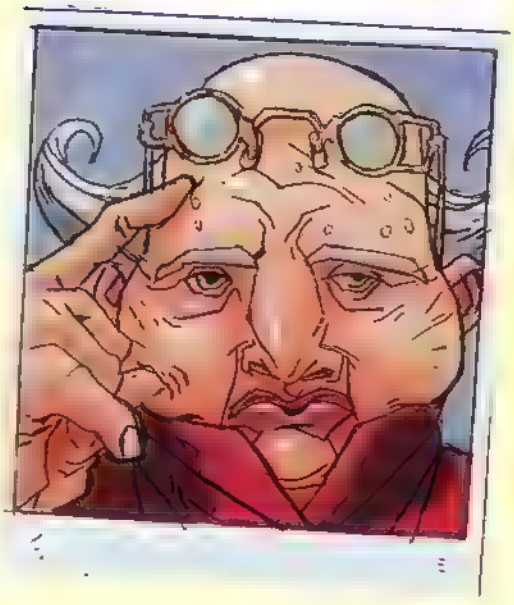
TRANSCRIPT OF SUBJECT INTERROGATION # 5768P779

INTERROGATOR: PRINCIPAL AGENT EUPHEMIA

INFORMANT: MR. LIVITICUS KLEEN

SUBJECT: AEON FLUX

RELEVANCE: MR. LIVITICUS KLEEN REGULARLY ENGAGES THE SERVICES OF AEON FLUX, SEX PROFESSIONAL



E: Good evening, Mr. Liviticus Kleen ... I hope you think I'm not too mean...
L: O mercy! ... and wayward thoughts aside, why am I here, Mister?
E: We will get to that in a moment, but first may I inquire as to what it is that you do?
L: I'm a Pornertologist; I study the relationship between monsters and postcards.
E: You must be a very busy man...
L: My house has many doors, many doors indeed.
E: What is the nature of your relationship with Aeon Flux?
L: She's my accountant, and it is because of this and only this that I love her.
E: How do you expect me to respond to an answer like that?
L: With gusto.
E: Mr. Kleen, I will have you know that your little little nephew, Mitch, told my organization that you compensate Aeon Flux to discomfort you on a regular basis. Now how can you expect me to believe that she is your accountant when little Mitch tells me different, I ask you?
L: I pay her to hold me accountable ... for everything.
E: And how does she hold you accountable? Does she on occasion cover you while she forces you to say ... things meaty things, odorless things like "battering adders is my game"? Does she make you do things lukewarm things like fondle your aorta with a spoon in front of an audience of guffawing paramours? I know how she would find fault with your nostrils often, and in fancy places. Sometimes she'd even call you a "ne'er do well" while you did and did and did and did... Until you could almost hear the distant sound of a plane crashing in front of your house...
L: I see now that you understand me.
E: If you only knew.... Tell me more. Tell me more.
L: Sometimes, when the nights were dry and my mouth was too, she fed me the savory nectar from her shoe... Oooooooo... She understands how to manipulate the flesh in ways that shellac my funky emotions. I have an insatiable appetite for her dismissal and... Oh, my young graceless inquisitor, she knows where it's at.
E: How strange, haunting, even touching her cruelty is...

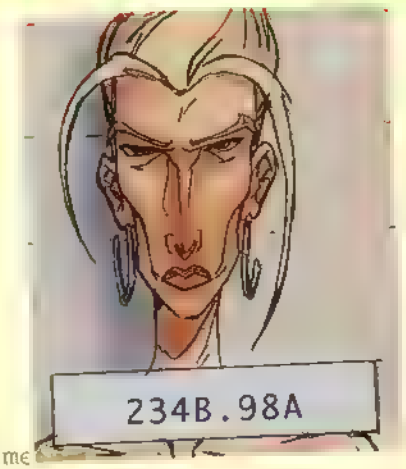
TRANSCRIPT OF SUBJECT INTERROGATION # 234B.98A

INTERROGATOR: PRINCIPAL AGENT EUPHEMIA

INFORMANT: MS. KALITIA KOE

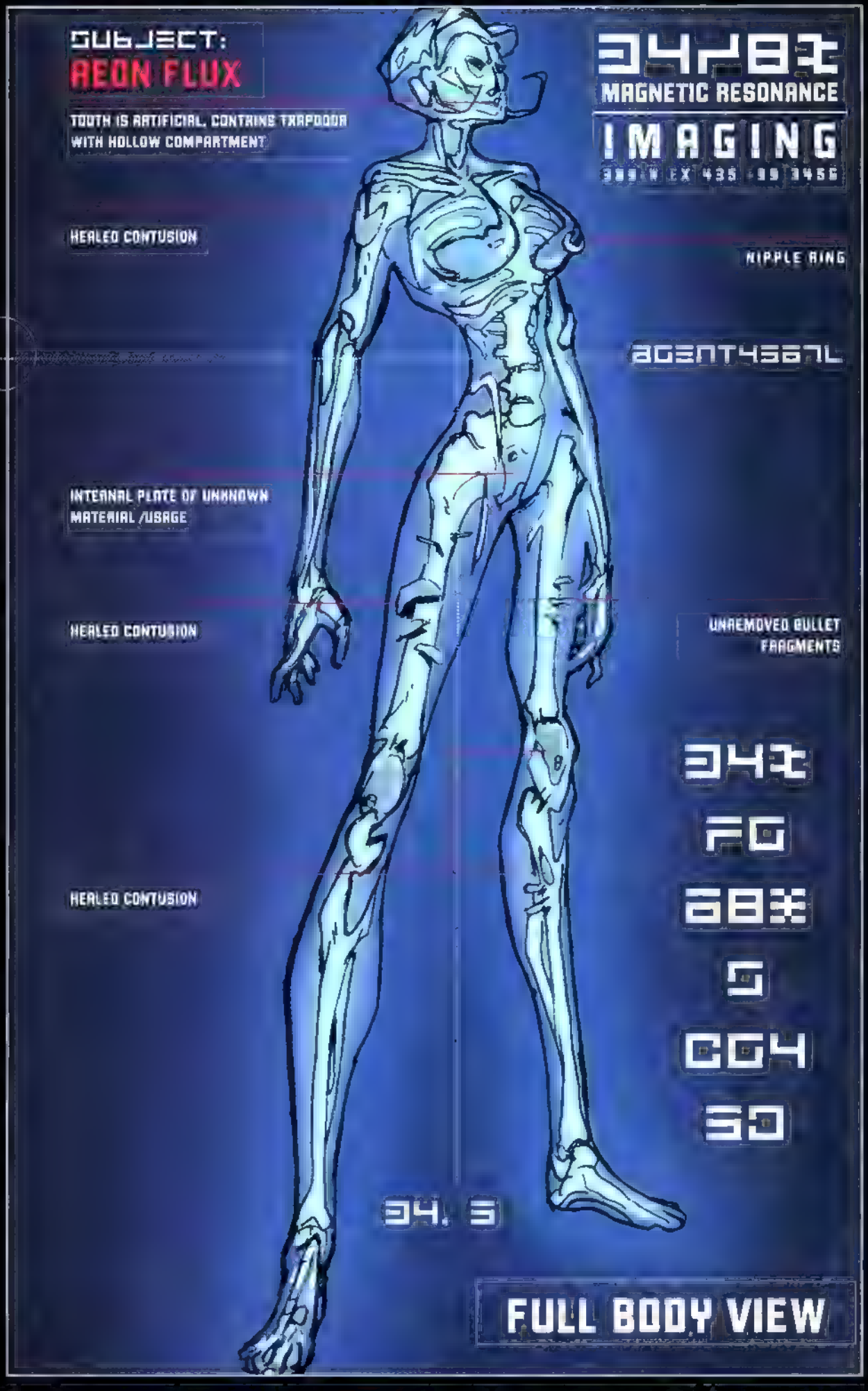
SUBJECT: AEON FLUX

RELEVANCE: FORMER EMPLOYER



K: What do you want? Can't you see I'm busy?
E: Busy?
K: There's so little time, you know. So little time
E: 40 years seems like plenty of time to me.
K: An instant. Come on, what do you want? What do you want?
E: A couple of questions. I will try not to take up too much of your precious time, my lady.
K: Questions? There was a time when boys wanted more from me than just talk. But you're not that type of boy, are you?
E: No, indeed. I've always enjoyed a little chat. Let's talk about Aeon Flux, shall we?
K: Aeon Flux? Is she dead then? Is the bitch dead?
E: Dead? Why should she be dead?
K: Because bitches die.
E: I see. And here I thought she was an associate of yours.
K: She's nothing.
E: She did do work for you?
K: You might say that. You might say she took a knife and stabbed me in the back.
E: Not literally, I hope?
K: I wish she had. There were some documents I wanted. Very difficult to obtain. Some danger involved. I was told she was the best. She didn't come cheap, but I like things done right.
E: I'm sure you do.
K: Yes. She brought me the documents. I was very grateful, and I showed it. It was too late by the time I found out they were the wrong documents.
E: A mistake?
K: No mistake. They were clever forgeries. A beautiful job—must have cost her more than I paid her, far more.
E: I don't understand.
K: You don't understand? Why would she go to all that trouble to ruin my party?
E: Someone else paid her better.
K: This benefitted no one. She had nothing to gain by betraying me.
E: Maybe it was her idea of a joke.
K: A joke... Yes, now that you say so, I'm sure that's what it was. Her idea of a joke. And so I'm in here and she's dead. She is dead, isn't she?
E: Did you order it?
K: Don't be ridiculous. What could I do from in here?
E: You said you were busy.
K: I'm busy now celebrating the death of that bitch.
E: Your celebrations are premature.
K: I thought you said...
E: I said nothing of the kind. Aeon Flux lives. She lives, [illegible] she goes where she wants-and you, poor you, are stuck in here [illegible] me deaths, as a matter of fact, but they were your friends.
K: Broca?!
E: Yes. And a couple of others I'm sure you know.
K: Damn it. It was that bitch, of course.
E: Actually, we'd assumed it was you. But I guess now w[illegible]
K: Why don't you arrest her?
E: Why? She's done us all a service. If it was her.
K: It was her.

TREVOR GODDARD PERSONAL FILE


SUBJECT:
AEON FLUX
TOOTH IS ARTIFICIAL, CONTAINS TRAPDOOR WITH HOLLOW COMPARTMENT
HEALED CONTUSION
NIPPLE RING
AGENT4567L
INTERNAL PLATE OF UNKNOWN MATERIAL /USAGE
HEALED CONTUSION
UNREMOVED BULLET FRAGMENTS
HEALED CONTUSION
MAGNETIC RESONANCE
IMAGING
FULL BODY VIEW

Garibilaldo Health Spa

Frau Frau Flux:

I hope this communicato finds you in good health and spirits, you savory little quasi-virgin you.

Affixed with love to this little epistle are the updated specifications you requested on Serafin Escelon. I purchased these documents from Breen Central Intelligence Services at great expense, so make good use of them.

Because it is always my aim to please please, I include certain materials which may suggest to you the kind of succulent mission possibilities they inspired in me, but, as always, you are free to improvise.

As to your outrageous demand for additional grease-the-wheel money in response to my thoroughly thoroughly reasonable request for documentation, I am happy to have my arm twisted as long as you accept my proposed method. You may not find it tasteful, but I'm sure that others will.

Included herewith please find:

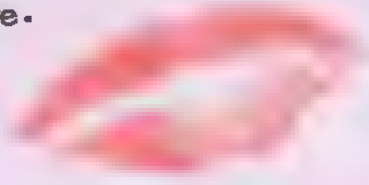
- Surveillance Report on Escelon
- Relevant Photos
- Body Modification Kit
- Micronomic Molar Camera

The mission objectives are as follows:

- RE: TOOTH CAM. Taste yourself, woman. Your tongue triggers the camera. Then be careful to keep your tongue out of frame.
- RE: ESCELON. Assassinate Serafin Escelon and destroy his asylum in the wall. And please, be discreet.

Make your bones Frau Frau Flux and make them well or forever hold your pinkie pinkie....because I'm watching you.

Me.



RECEIVED from Euphemia
REROUTE THROUGH CENTRAL ARCHIVES
45W. 45313

Vilmo Kiilosti

SURVEILLANCE REPORT

DIRECTIVE # 0257X: Mauve Your Obfuscation

AGENT IN CHARGE: Principal Agent Euphemia

UKASE EFFECTIVE: 40.13.04AG

SUBJECT: SERAFIN ESCELON ALIAS: Overlord

NATIONALITY:	unknown	SEX: male
DOB: unknown	AGE: approx 55	HAIR: black
EYES: blue	WEIGHT: 165	HEIGHT: 5'11"
VISION: 20/4	HAND: left	FOOT: right
PENIS: 14"	NIPPLE: 4"	NOSTRIL: n/a
SKIN: mauve	HEAR: n/a	COORD: n/a
BLOOD: d-neg	SEMEN: infert	STOOLS: firm

PHYSICAL QUOTIENT: 25 MENTAL QUOTIENT: 89

ONLY KNOWN PHOTOGRAPH

34x/45 Sur 1ooz

MEDICAL HISTORY: not available

DRUG HABITS: not available

EDUCATION: not available

NUTRITIONAL HABITS: not available

SEXUAL HABITS: heterosexual

OCCUPATION: cult leader

TARGET SUMMARY:

- Serafin Escelon, forefather and Overlord of the Berognican Reunification Movement: a bipartisan, parahistorical terrorist organization dedicated to the destruction of the border and the political, sociological, spiritual, and sexual reunification of Bregna and Monica into one state: "Berognica." Also spiritual leader and head of the Oza Cult.
- All members of the Oza Cult are married, sinistrocerebral women between the ages of 18 and 32.
- Oza doctrine professes a firm belief in polyandry and compulsory cannibalism, Escelon's rationale being that if all people were forced to eat what they killed, there would be no more war.
- In order to join Oza, you must be sponsored by a member. The screening process requires proof that one is left-handed and married to several men.
- The indoctrination process is as follows: the woman must submit to a violent pagan ritual in which she is first baptized in a cauldron of mother's milk. The woman is then branded with the Oza sign after which she is married to Serafin Escelon. Serafin spends the wedding night in his private chamber exclusively with his new brides.
- Each Oza member is branded with the sign of Escelon: a tattoo of Serafin Escelon positioned just above the navel. (SEE & APPLY ATTACHED BODY MODIFICATION KIT.)
- Serafin Escelon wears a titanium chastity belt, the keys for which are given only to his cult members.
- Escelon's home is built inside section 235KL-B3 of the border wall. It can be accessed from portals in both Bregna and Monica.
- Escelon's home is policed around the clock by a well-armed zenana of women.
- Serafin Escelon's bodyguard is a woman, who is reportedly very agile and always hungry.

bmx3

BODY MODIFICATION KIT
345. WWW67

APPROPRIATION #768.90R

FILE

MISSION

DIRECTIVE # 0257X: Mauve Your Obfuscation

AGENT IN CHARGE: Principal Agent Euphemia

AGENT IN ACTION: Aeon Flux

DATE: 42.13.04AG

RECORDED: 41.13.04AG

FILE
AUTHORIZED
MOLAR CAM/OP

VISUALS

Chairman Goodchild,

Per your request my department has assembled this sequence of images highlighting the execution of directive #0257X: Mauve Your Obfuscation. The surveillance footage was captured by a micronomic molar camera placed inside the mouth of Agent Aeon Flux.

I can only hope that you and your others will enjoy this saucy foo-rah-rah as much as I have.

PERSONAL DICTATION: TREVOR GOODCHILD
(TRANSCRIPT)
DATE: 42.13.04AG

0:00 SERAFIN ESCELON IS DEAD. HIS DEATH, NO
DOUBT, WILL QUIETLY BRING THE BRM TO
0:04 THEIR KNEES AND I AM ONE STEP CLOSER
TO REALIZING MY DIRECTIVE. YES, YES.
0:07 SERAFIN, MY FRIEND, YOU ARE DEAD! BUT
NO DOUBT YOU COULD HAVE SUFFERED A
0:15 WORSE FATE THAN THE FATAL EMBRACE OF
AEON FLUX. WHAT A WAY TO GO. INDEED.
0:21 THIS WOMAN IS MENACING. OF COURSE SHE
IS. AFTER ALL, IT'S HER JOB. I WONDER.
WHAT MIND IS SHE POSSESSED OF, TO
0:29 REALIZE THE DEATH DRIVE SO CONCRETELY
THAT IT (PAUSE) TRANSCENDS THE PSYCHO-
0:35 LOGICAL AND THEREBY (PAUSE) DO THAT TO
A PERSON? (PAUSE) BUT I MUST COMMEND
MY OWN GOOD SENSE FOR ITS SOBER AND
0:42 INFALLIBLE INTEGRITY: I CERTAINLY
PICKED THE RIGHT CANDIDATE FOR THE
JOB. TOO GOOD A JOB, CONSIDERING ALL
0:48 THE COLLATERAL DAMAGE AND CONSEQUENT
POLITICAL FALLOUT--BUT SHE'S YOUNG AND
0:56 ZEALOUS. UNDERSTANDABLE. (PAUSE) BUT
I MUST INVESTIGATE THE WOMAN FURTHER.
DANGEROUS AS SHE IS, IT MAY BE A--.
1:07 (PAUSE) I WAS ABOUT TO SAY
(PAUSE) IT IS, AFTER ALL, SUSPICIOUS
1:13 HOW THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BORDER WALL
HAS NOW RESULTED IN THIS TEMPORARY
BREACH, COMPROMISING OUR NATIONAL
1:21 CONTAINMENT. SHE COULD SO EASILY HAVE
CHOSEN A LESS DISASTROUS METHOD THAN
1:27 CAUSING THIS TERRIBLE THING TO HAPPEN
AS A CONSEQUENCE. TOO EASILY. TOO EASILY.
1:49 I WONDER. (PAUSE) WHAT IS
CLEAR IS MY GROWING URGE TO KNOW MORE
AND MORE ABOUT AEON FLUX. THE NOTION
1:54 OF HER, LOST HER, STRIKES A CHORD
SOMEWHERE DEEP, UNDER, INSIDE ME. I
1:59 FEEL AS THOUGH I CANNOT ESCAPE HER
AND SHE ME. BUT THAT GOES WITHOUT
SAYING).

LOCATOR

SECTOR 34X DRIFT
HX34-8
PLAIN OF
NOTHINGNESS.....

CLEARANCE CODE 10

MEMORANDUM

TO: Chairman Goodchild

FROM: Principal Agent Euphemia, Directorate of Black Operations

DATE: 46.13.04AG

RE: Intelligence enhancement on Aeon Flux

My Delicious Chairman Goodchild,

While digging deeper, I've come across a rather disturbing but intriguing item. Apparently there is an anonymous party (see their attached letter) who has additional material for our Aeon Flux file–for a price. I simply forward said letter (enclosed) for your amazement, amusement, or other good clean fun.

Curiously yours,

MISTER: IT APPEARS WE SHARE A COMMON INTEREST IN A CERTAIN MONICAN HARRIDAN. SOME UNPLEASANT AND UNFORTUNATE PEOPLE TOOK HER BRAIN APART ONE DAY, AND PURGED IT. ANALYSIS OF CONTENTS IS AT YOUR DISPOSAL FOR A PRICE.

CONTACT: TEMPORARY LINENET ADDRESS CHANNEL 687287.F89 PER POINT OF ENTRY XCUFO WOYTOY @91 WITH A FUND INTERTRANSFER READY ON AUTOMATIC TO THE AMOUNT OF 87 MILLION CREDITS.

Euphemia, I want it. Get it! ...TG

[DAY 3. 0400 HOURS. INTERROGATION RESUMED AFTER SUBJECT AWAKENED WITH SHOWER OF ICE WATER.]

XP: Good morning, Miss Flux. I must apologize for the behavior displayed by my colleagues last evening. I'm not sure what is worse, their stupidity or their lack of manners.

AF: [NO RESPONSE]

XP: Not in a talkative mood this morning? Pity. You see, I've been up all night, acting on that information you gave us. Can you believe it?—it turns out "Admarten" is not the correct designation after all. Did you make a mistake? I'd hate to think you'd have lied to us—not after how cozy we've gotten in the last couple of days. Did you lie to us, Miss Flux?

AF: [NO RESPONSE]

[0410. AS SUBJECT REMAINED UNRESPONSIVE, DECISION WAS MADE TO USE CYPTOCAINE TRUTH SERUM. AT 0430, INTERROGATION RESUMED.]

XP: How do you feel now?

AF: [NO RESPONSE]

XP: Come on, Aeon. How do you feel? You feel <u>good</u>, don't you?

AF: I feel good.

XP: I thought so. Where are you, Aeon?

AF: I'm in a cell underneath [REFERENCE DELETED].

XP: No, Aeon. Close your eyes. Where are you?

AF: I'm ... I don't know.

XP: It's warm and dark, though, isn't it? Can you see anything?

AF: There's an overturned glass. Someone spilled something. Wine. Red wine. It's going to stain.

XP: It's all right. Who spilled the wine, Aeon? Do you know who spilled the wine?

AF: Hadj.

XP: Hadj? Who is Hadj?

AF: I don't know. He comes here often. He likes me, but he drinks too much. I stay away from him.

XP: I don't think we need to know about Hadj. Aeon, what else is in the room?

AF: A brown doll. It's burned on one side. I don't like to look at it.

XP: Don't look at the doll. I don't care about the doll. What else?

AF: I think there is a door.

XP: Yes, a door. Go through the door, Aeon.

AF: No. It's not...

XP: It's all right. Go through the door.

AF: The stars...

XP: It's night. You're outside?

AF: A field. I can smell the hay.

XP: What are you doing in a field?

AF: I'm waiting. They will come for me.

XP: Who will come?

NI: This is ridiculous.

XP: Shh. It's all right, Aeon. Who will come?

AF: Nimec and Chikoreeli.

NI: Her contacts?

XP: Are they your contacts, Aeon? Are they the Clay Men?

AF: No... They're... They knew Liron. They will bring me news.

NI: This is useless.

XP: Don't you want to know who Liron is? What's become of him? I'm fascinated.

NI: I want the designation. We've been at this three days.

XP: Yes. Three wasted days. Because you don't understand subtlety.

NI: I understand that without the designation we don't have a way in.

XP: He wants the designation, Aeon. Can you help him? Can you give us the designation?

AF: I wanted meat for breakfast, and they brought me thin porridge. Can you blame me for being upset?

XP: No, of course not. But the designation, Aeon? What is the designation of the cube?

AF: The designation of the cube ... would not wear silk, no. They all think I'm dressing up for <u>them</u>.

XP: Who are you dressing for?

NI: I will give you five minutes. And then we proceed—my way.

XP: Who are you dressing for, Aeon?

AF: I need to be alone. I have learned to be alone, even when they will not leave me alone.

XP: But don't you get lonely?

AF: Lonely is just a feeling. Hot, cold, lonely... I wonder where the cranes are? There are usually a couple of cranes out in the shallow water there.

XP: You have been to the cube.

AF: I have been there, but I am not there now. We should eat something. We may be up all night.

XP: We may, indeed. The cube, Aeon. Focus on the cube.

AF: You've made a mess. Why are the sheets on the floor? I shouldn't have had that wine. Now I don't feel like it.

XP: The designation of the cube is eight letters. You know the designation of the cube.

AF: I know that I will never be the same. This road goes one way.

XP: The road leads only to your death, Aeon, unless you tell me the designation.

AF: Of course the road leads only to my death. And yours. But that man has a way of working on cars. He's to be respected. A man like that.

XP: The cube, Aeon. Do you see the cube now?

AF: I will never permit it. I will never permit <u>that</u> atrocity, at least. Any other.

XP: So we have something that terrifies you, eh, Aeon?

AF: It disgusts me!

XP: What is it?

AF: You know. You have lived through it. I can tell.

XP: I've lived through many things.

AF: But not many more. It is like that. With you it is... Why did you not leave me when you could?

XP: Others left?

AF: None.

XP: Then at least I am no different. But tell me about the cube, Aeon. Tell me the designation. Then everything will be fine.

AF: Then you will go?

XP: Then I will go. You will go. We will all go.

AF: I will not go.

XP: No. It is perfectly true. I will go. You will not go. That doesn't frighten you, though, does it? It doesn't make any difference?

AF: No. Fear is a feeling.

XP: Do you have no feelings?

AF: I have them all. And keep them to myself. All those suits lined up in the closet—they don't belong to Rodman. His shoulders are not so wide.

NI: You've given her too much of the damn drug, you fool.

XP: No. Perhaps too little. But more would certainly kill her.

NI: I'm willing to take that risk if you think it will produce results.

XP: She knows the designation. She knows I want to know the designation. It is odd. Are you playing with me, Aeon?

AF: I don't play. I've never played. Once I dreamed of playing... These straps are so tight. I need to lie down, Darley.

XP: Undo the straps.

NI: Are you insane?

XP: She's harmless. After what she's been dosed with, she couldn't.

[END OF TRANSCRIPT]

FEDERAL BUREAU OF PERSONAL FILES

DATE: 50.13.04AG
NONE OF THE CHARACTERS AND
TIONS. THEY SAY IT'S AEON FLUX,
BUT IF I HAD BEEN ASKING THE
MY ASS
IT THAT, WITH THIS AGENT SO
CLOSE TO TE
CARE SO MUCH
SOON BE OVER? SOMETIMES IT IS
THE THINGS ONE CANNOT HAVE THAT
ONE MOST WANTS. SOMETIMES IT IS
THE THINGS THAT ONE CAN HAVE
ONLY FOR A MOMENT THAT SEEM
IN THE END WHEN ALL IS SAID AND
DONE. SOMETIMES I BORE EVEN
MYSELF WITH THESE BANALITIES
NO ONE READS IT BUT
I MU
NO ONE READ
SHE LETS NO ONE
SMELL HER BEDSHEETS. I MUST
FEEL HER RUG. I MUST SEE WHERE
SHE LIVES. WHAT IS GROWING IN
HER DARK CORNERS? I MUST KNOW
LOCATOR
OFFICE SecTOR
HX34-8
VIEW OF
GOODCHILD TOWER
CLEARANCE CODE 10
TREVOR GOODCHILD
PERSONAL

FROM THE DESK OF

CHAIRMAN GOODCHILD

TO: Principal Agent Euphemia
Directorate of Black Operations

FROM: Chairman Goodchild

DATE: 50.13.04AG

RE: EXECUTIVE AUTHORIZATION AND
ORDER FOR COVERT INVESTIGATION

I want a covert and transparent reconnaissance of the personal premises (and relevant personal effects) of Agent 4567L ("Aeon Flux"). Naturally, she must not know.

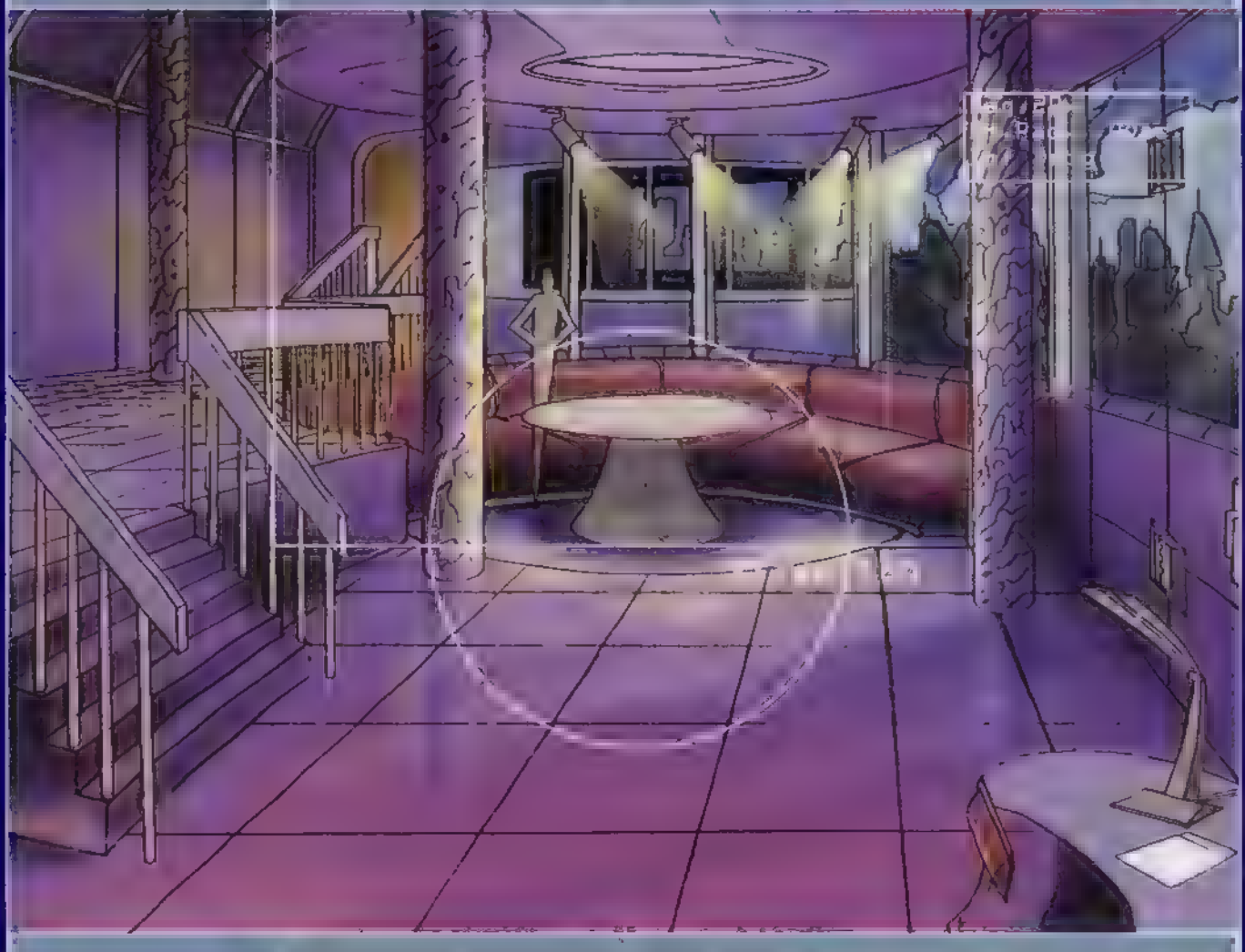
Sealed and Signed,

Trevor Goodchild

Trevor Goodchild

Sur VEL Dept...AuthOff

34c.20x.00
RECON PHOTO



RESIDENCE
AEON FLUX
INTERIOR

DETAIL

SUFX

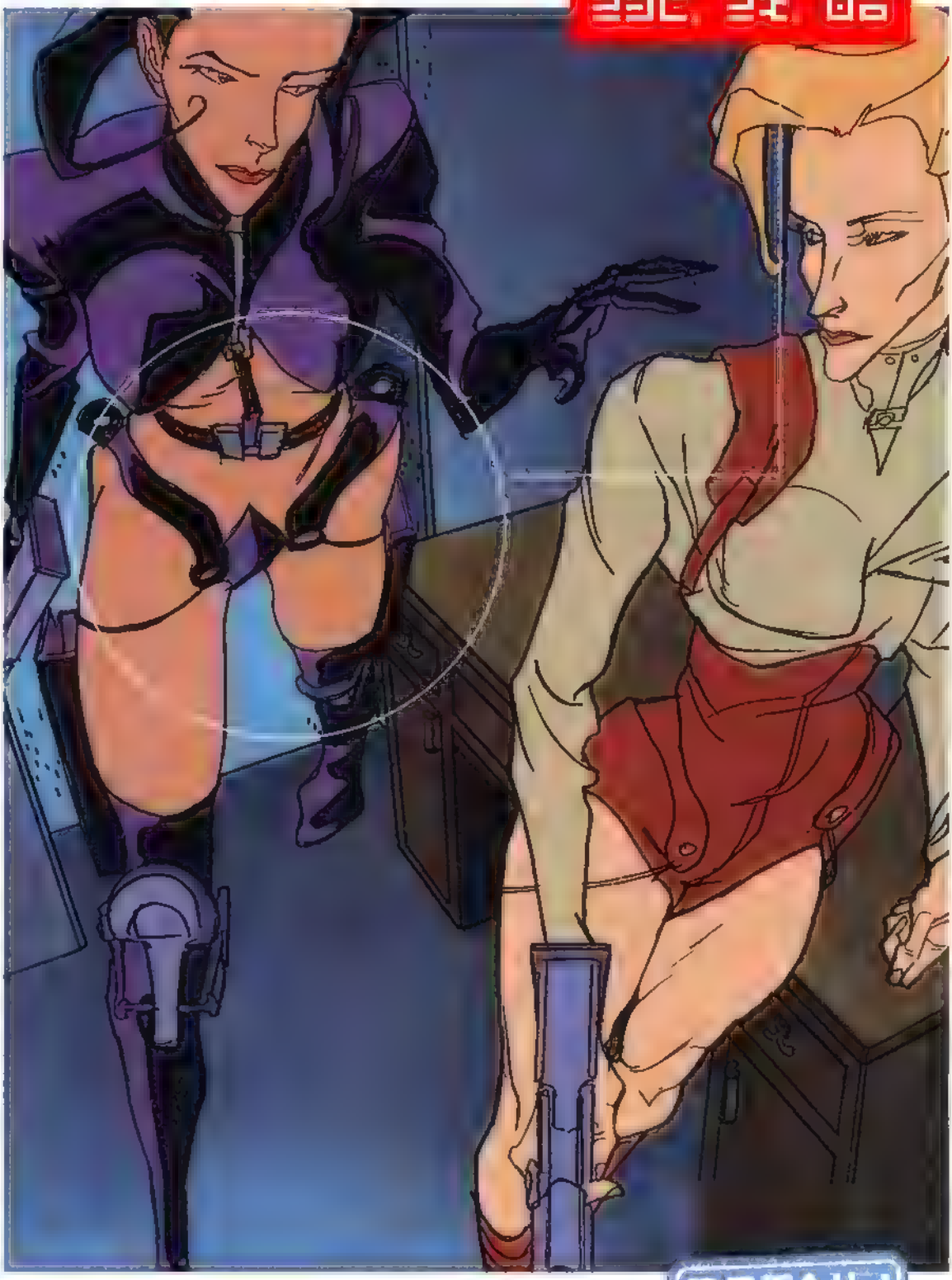
Mag. 2x

AEON FLUX PHOTO

POss.Acc Sit

UNKNOWN

DEC 24 06



DETAIL: RESIDENCE OF AEON FLUX

Bob's Classy Lady

"WE KNOW WHAT YOU WANT"

CUSTOMER ACCT.# 2762954986092

(DELIVERY ORDER)

	CREDITS
TECHLUBE 100 LITER	140
RODENTFUD DEXEDRINE MIX (50 KG)	36
MAGNADRIVE CABLE W/CLAMPS (4-WAY/10 CM)	98
DENTALCARE DRILL MOTOR	262
CUTIEKILL CUTICLE STIMULATOR W/ TOE ATTACHMENTS (SPECIAL)	232
NONSTOPPER PLUGS (4-WAY)	7
TOTAL	775

THUK YOU *HAVE A HARD ONE*

Mag.5x

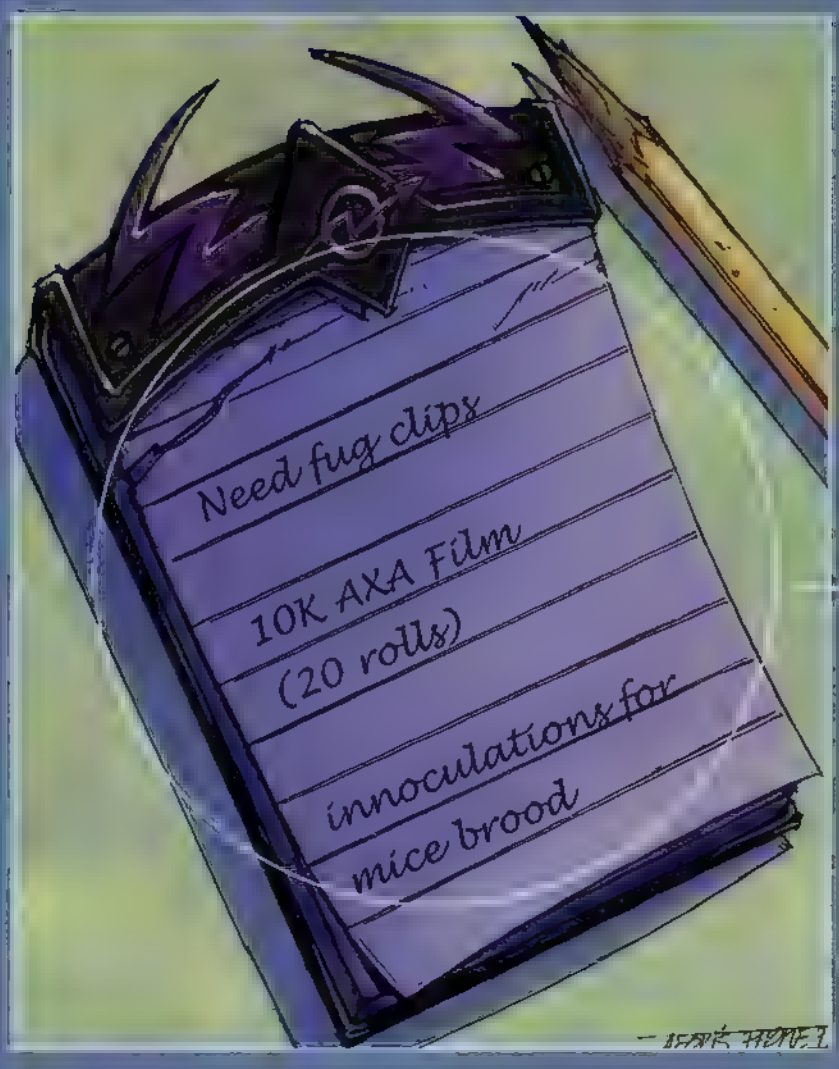
AEON FLUX RECEIPT

POss.Inf Orig

4.50

W56TX8

DETAIL: RESIDENCE OF AEON FLUX



Mag.300

AEON FLUX PHONE PAD...

POss.Inf Orig

24C67

DETAIL: RESIDENCE OF AEON FLUX

AEON
c/o FOOZWAK Magazine
P.O. Box 27090111
Area 31
Monica 100219-67

DETAIL: RESIDENCE OF AEON FLUX

N
FOOZWAK Magazine
Box 27090111
31
ca 100219-67

Dear Aeon,

I was thinking if I was your father or dad I would object to you drinking and living with a boyfriend outside of marriage. However, if you were underage and came to me and said, "Dad, all my friends are wearing bikinis this summer on the beach...could I wear one?" I would say sure, providing the top has a strap, you wear your little xross in case some guy gets fresh, and you keep your cover-up on when you're not in the water. Otherwise, I would say sure, you can wear a bikini and have fun in the water this summer. Then I would say—in your decision of a swimsuit -don't forget Steve 25:36 and Wayne 2:9, but would leave the swimsuit decision up to you. You would look so pretty in a modest bikini (not skimpy) on a nice, sunny beach all ready for a swim on a hot 90 degree day with nice ice cube and diet cola to keep cool. Ice cube to rub all over you.

My motivation in reading FOOZWAK is seeing that literature will never again see young people messing up their lives with chocolate bunnies, leopardskin tights and no-doubt premarital sex which I know Gadgette won't allow in the pages as a Televolutional Borne-Above Xian.
Continued success with a most delightful and edifying publication.
Douchelle is a most charming and pretty young lady. Horn is delightful.
Tenderloin is a fine and dedicated young model and said about Aeon,
"Aeon Flux is the best model I have ever worked with."

Aeon Flux is not recognized as a superstar because she is not one. Instead, she is just one of the very nicest, finest, prettiest, and most beautiful young models in the history of literature. And one of the most talented. You'll meet a nice Xian man someday. I would be glad to be your husband. We have a lot in common. For now just concentrate on your talent and leave t[illegible] of the opposite sex for a life partner to Him. In the meantim[illegible] would say to you, "Follow in His step[illegible]

In Xia,

Fooho

a little about my self. I am 31 years
e in Breen District 9465. Ever since I
ad been saved by the Word of Xia. I have
different forms of angels. I have seen
imes, and a spirit of three white circu
the evening. Also many clouds have been
'f and others that resemble man-made
I saw a cloud that was almost propor
Starship TorMaster. Some other clouds
nan figures. All were very distinct.
range experiences and from reading the
have the strong suspicion that I am
and have been blessed with some sort
If you study the Book of Dude in the
e Book of Steve, and also
will notice the importance of a fig-
at is to come in time. Since I have
tal experiences, I believe that I,
Fun Rur, am this figure.

> been taping my thoughts through
wave brain scanner. This
o my skull
0
ty ten

g the time
I vow it

DETAIL: RESIDENCE OF AEON FLUX

Dear Aeon,

^Shred.
^I will not show up in person—OK.
^Personal.

Your ESP is rawhiding me nonstop! So, I either hit a nerve or my Wake Up Monica mimeographed flyer hit home!

I apologize for calling you a cocky ass macho attitude, but I love that about you! You have a tough demeanor when you use your feathers I want to tar you up with them too! I don't talk out loud about this and will deny this letter, too!

These issues are crucial, so do I judge or defend? Both! I'm guilty 1 zillion times of playing god and playing devil! I've defended the Buy-word to the point where I've used it more than any person in history! I confess—forgive me! I love you this much, Aeon, can you tell?! I love your family and enemies and friends, too. Let's forgive each other!

Gekman !!!

DETAIL: RESIDENCE OF AEON FLUX

Mag. 5x
AEON FLUX FAN LETTERS
POss.Inf Orig

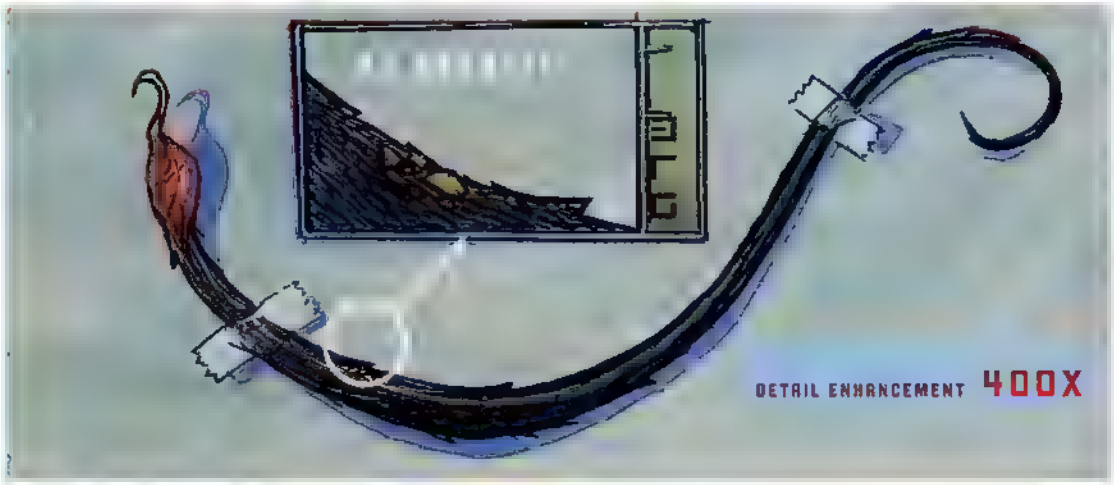
ZZASAY

DIRECTORATE OF FORENSIC SCIENCES

Analysis Form 54x 34

ANALYSIS OF EYELASH SEIZED FROM AGENT AEON FLUX'S APARTMENT 54.13.04AG

EVIDENCE



Eyelash sample has been found to have been either naturally freakish or to have been fundamentally altered. Somatic responsivity and a Medusa effect are indicated in artifacts of the follicles. Alien technology suspected, but not verifiable. Physical reflexes are indicated to be at a very high index

Eyelash partially coated in glutinous substance tested and found to be EXCREMENT OF HOUSEHOLD AFRICANUS FLY.

Personality and psyche characteristics that have been ascertained from analysis of the sample are as follows:

^Mind Code BLACK

^Intelligence Quotient: ILLEGAL

^THREAT PROBABILITY: THIS WOMAN IS DANGEROUS

DIRECTORATE OF FORENSIC SCIENCES

Analysis Form 54x 34

ANALYSIS OF SCAB SEIZED FROM AGENT AEON FLUX'S APARTMENT 54.13.04AG

BLOOD TYPE: ix

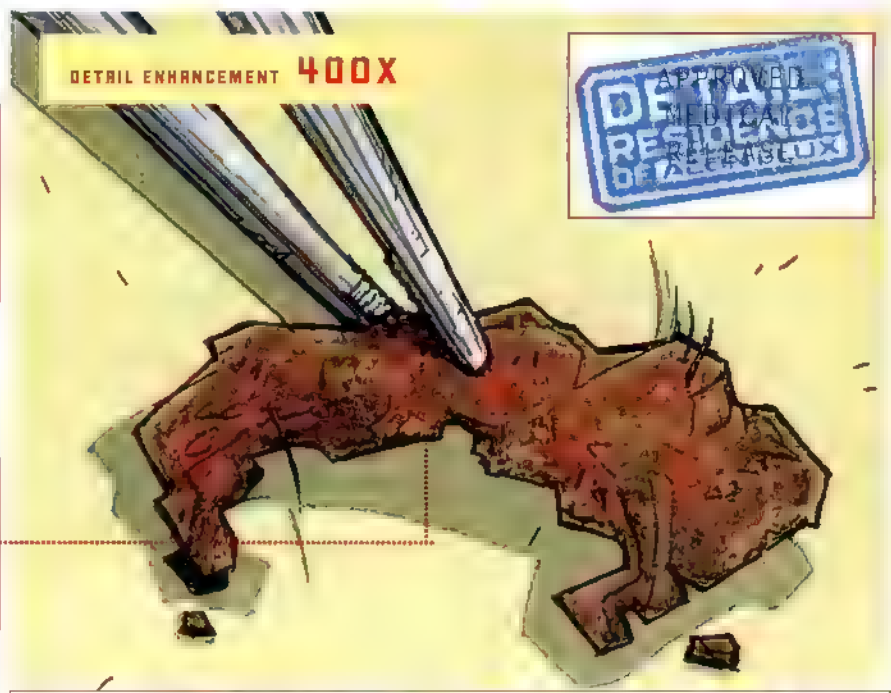
GOGLI APPARATUS: ixxi
CENTRIOLE: xxiix
LYSOSOME: iixxii
VACUOLE: xxixixi
PINOCYTOTIC VESICLE. xixixix-ii
MITOCHONDRION: iiixii
PLASMIC RETICULUM: ixxi
CHROMATIN: xxixix

Analysis of Aeon Flux blood sample retrieved from a razor found in her apartment

BLOOD TYPE: io

GOGLI APPARATUS: iooi
CENTRIOLE: ooiio
LYSOSOME: iiooii
VACUOLE: ooioioi
PINOCYTOTIC VESICLE: oioioio-ii
MITOCHONDRION: iiioii
PLASMIC RETICULUM: iooi
CHROMATIN: ooioio

Analysis of attached scab retrieved from residence of Aeon Flux



After a complete endoplasmic breakdown of the scab retrieved, it is the opinion of this directorate that THE SCAB IS NOT THAT OF AN AEON FLUX ORIGIN. The cellular properties of the above scab are found only in the blood of male triplets

VROOM

Vol. 18 Issue 53

YOUR WEEKLY MANDARIN DIGEST

FLUKTA MAROUCHE KNOWS NOTHING

"How did this renowned memorist lose her memory?"

FILE [redacted]

Darling Chairman,
Hard to remember why Marouche mattered,
n'est-ce pas? Mademoiselle Flux strikes again.
Your ever lovin' fool,

Euphemia

UNDERSTOOD THE SPIRIT WHICH ANIMATES YOU, I MIGHT... WHAT? WHAT THEN WOULD I KNOW? WHAT WOULD I DO? AEON, I DO REGRET THE NEED TO KILL YOU. I THINK THERE ARE LOVELY THINGS WE MIGHT HAVE DONE TOGETHER-- BETWEEN THE SHEETS AND BEYOND. YES, I WOULD HAVE LIKED THE OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE LOVE TO YOU. THAT ONLY WOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH, I THINK--BUT, MORE IMPORTANTLY, I

OPERA

AM SURROUNDED BY IDIOTS. IMAGINE MY RIGHT PERSON WHO OULD BE A COLOSSAL FAIL- UTENANT. I CAN EASILY ING INTO THE ONE GREAT MISCAL ON OF MY CAREER. "IF ONLY GOODCHILD HADN'T TRUSTED THAT WOMAN, HE MIGHT HAVE ACHIEVED EVERYTHING." YOU SEE, AEON, MY GENIUS IS TO SEE THE ASHES BEFORE THE FIRE IS BUILT. I AM A TRAGIC HERO WHO MIGHT JUST BE FORESIGHTED ENOUGH TO AVOID THE BLUNDER THAT WOULD SEAL HIS TRAGIC FATE. NOT GOING THROUGH WITH YOUR ELIMINATION WOULD BE THAT KIND OF BLUNDER. YOU FROM THE MOMENT OPERATION BEGAN, AND SO IT HAS ALWAYS PART OF THE OPERATION TO ELIMINATE AND YOUR DEATH. I MAKE MY PLANS FOR A SON, AND WHEN THE TIME COMES I DO NOT CARRYING THEM OUT....

LOCATOR

BREEN SECTOR
HX34-8
HARBOR FACILITY

TREVOR GOODCHILD
PERSONAL FILE

INTELLIGENCE REPORT 0351

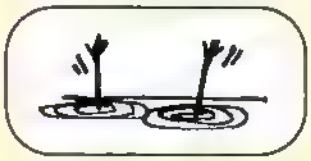
DATE: 59.13.04AG
OPERATION: HERODOTUS
SUBJECT: Assassination of Aeon Flux
PREPARED BY: Director Circe
Directorate of Covert Operations
FOR: Chairman Goodchild

Chairman Goodchild:

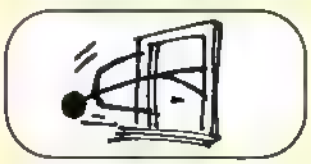
Per your request, I submit to you this summary of kill scenarios for the assassination of Agent Aeon Flux.

KILL SCENARIO #1 - AXING

KILL SCENARIO #2 - SUFFOCATION



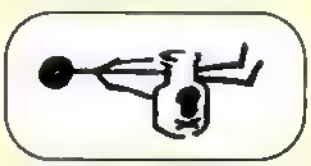
KILL SCENARIO #3- DROWNING



KILL SCENARIO #4 - DEFENESTRATION

KILL SCENARIO #5 - ELECTROCUTION

KILL SCENARIO #6 - HANGING



KILL SCENARIO #7 - POISONING

KILL SCENARIO #8 - STABBING

ASSAS
AGENT
456?L
FLUX
B
SCEN
R56X

Killing scenario report as prepared by my office in accordance with Executive Termination Directive 0351.

FROM THE DESK OF
CHAIRMAN GOODCHILD

To: Director Circe
From: Chairman Goodchild
Date: 60.13.04AG
Re: Reassignment
CC: Principal Agent Euphemia

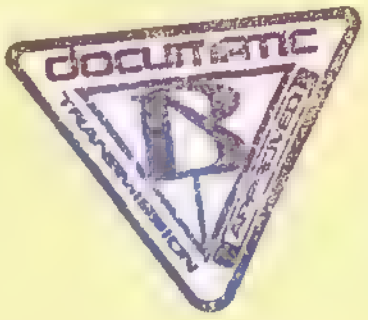
After carefully reviewing your scenario report with regard to the assassination of Aeon Flux, I am more convinced than ever not only of your utter stupidity, which must be apparent to most observers at first glance, but also of the profound lack of poetry in your soul.

I hereby assign Principal Agent Euphemia the task of providing me with a means of execution more befitting the high regard with which I am sure we have all come to regard the victim.

As for yourself, please report to Mr. Moremi in personnel for reassignment to a position where full advantage can be taken of your estimable filing skills and where your deficiencies of cerebration and imagination will not prove so much of a handicap to the performance of your duties.

Goodchild

Trevor Goodchild



INTERNAL MEMO

GOODCHILD

TO: Chairman Goodchild

FROM: Principal Agent Euphemia

DATE: 01.14.04AG

RE: Aeon Flux's Private File

Dearest Darling Chairman,

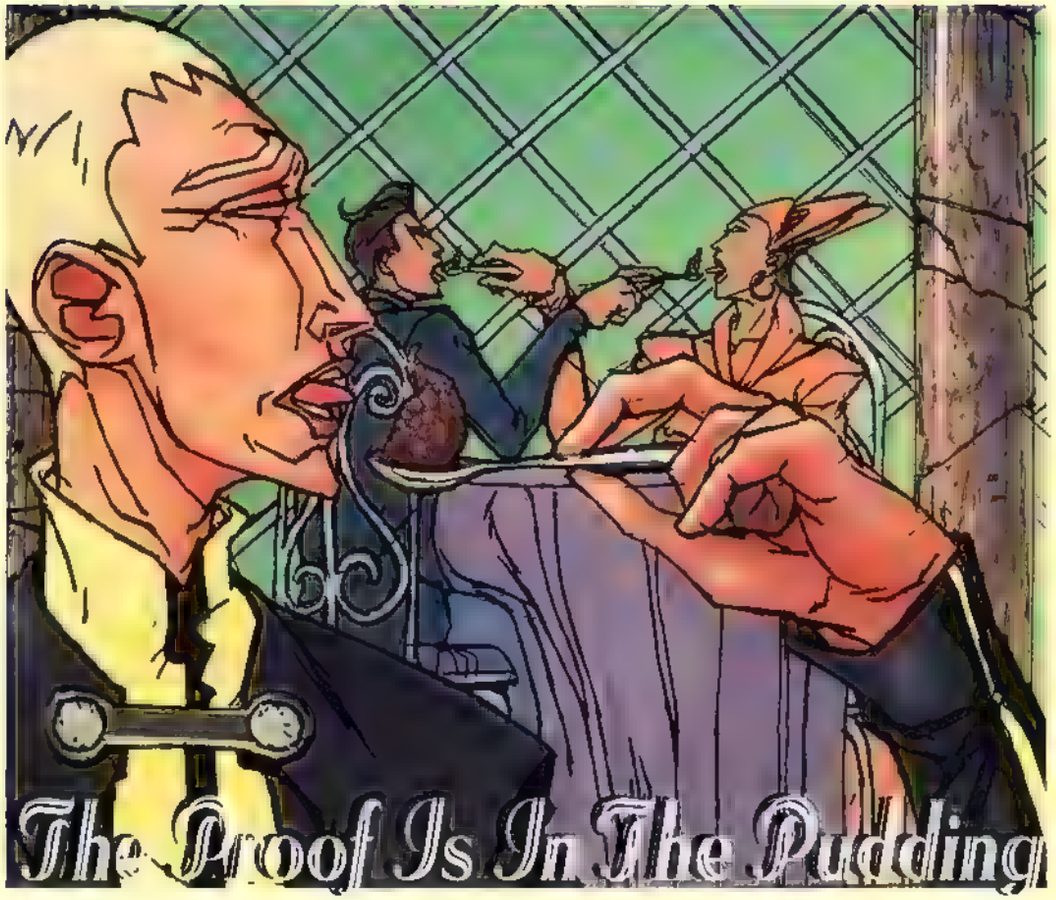
I am screaming. Thank you thank you a thousand thank yous for this assignment to find the most delicious recipe for finishing Flux. It is indeed a dream come true and a great honor. Be assured I will not let you down.

Just to heighten the tension, take a look at this private private file that the fine Frau Frau Flux was keeping under her mattress. Lookee see. Who do we have here? I think you have a fan fan, and may I hope she doesn't plan to teeny-bop you.

Yours in devotion,

Euphemia

STANDARD STATIONARY.SUPPLIES.34FLD



The Proof Is In The Pudding

"The rich, sophisticated taste of Elle's Roach Larvae Caviar is not to be duplicated. Engineered to perfection with recombinant DataStrand technology. Since Time Immemorial, only those of rarefied taste have had the pleasure of this wonderful delicacy. Now, thanks to recent advances, this sumptuous delight is available on a free-market basis to YOU, via the purveyors of the fine and better things in life."

Elle's Roach Larvae Caviar

FRESHLY SPAWNED EVERY DAY. MMMHHH!

Enjoy!

PLUGBUN Interview with Breen Chairman Trevor Goodchild

By Unae Dothuboe

Everybody knows who he is. He's that maverick darkhorse who, single-handedly and without warning, has so transformed our Breen national life. The man who developed the cure for the infamous mystery disease that claimed millions of Breen lives has now emerged as an overnight National Hero and Statesman. Man of letters, scholar and gentleman; scientific genius of world renown, Trevor Goodchild, Honorable Chairman of Bregna, is about to give us a *real* piece of mind.

UD: When you stepped into the void left by the tragic disappearance of President Chavez, did you ever wonder if you were up to the job?
TG: Every day I wonder if I am up to the job. Every day I am faced with new challenges. But so far, I do not believe I have disappointed the public's confidence in me.

UD: Would you say you've grown accustomed to your position?
TG: Not in the least. I do not believe I will become accustomed to making decisions which may mean life or death to my fellow citizens. I think anyone who does become accustomed to such power is no longer to be trusted with it. As for myself, I can tell you honestly that I do not find power an intoxicant but rather a burden. I will be truly grateful when circumstances allow me to return to private life.

UD: And when will that be?
TG: Well, unfortunately, there is obviously no possibility of holding general elections under present circumstances.

UD: What is it you're made of? What makes Trevor tick?
TG: Tick? What makes me tick? Well, I know what time it is, I wear a watch, but that doesn't make me digital.

UD: Tell me about your childhood. How did you grow up? I mean, do you consider yourself a born leader, or are there things, events, or experiences that have made you what you are? And if so, which among those come most readily to mind, that you believe have contributed most, personally, to your standing as you do?
TG: I grew up with strict discipline. Unfortunately for me—or, perhaps, fortunately—that discipline was either self-administered, or environmentally inflicted.

UD: Environmentally inflicted? What do you mean?
TG: I have always learned from experience. Interesting that later I then became so involved in the world of theory. I know I was born with resourcefulness, but this was something I was also forced to develop. For some, the idea that necessity is the mother of invention is one that can be taken for granted. I had no such luxury in my life, it is something that I learn every day. My whole life has been a crash course in necessity-stated inventiveness. Trial and error. Trial by fire. I think I have a lot in common with most people in general. I don't think that my experience is exceptional, to that of my fellow Breens at large.

UD: But your station in life certainly is!
TG: Yes. Yes, it is. But I think that it would be irresponsible of me to get stage fright over it. I've a job to do! Don't you think?

UD: Many people consider you a hero.
TG: I am a leader. Leadership is never a right or a privilege. Leadership is a duty. A responsibility.

UD: I see that it seems to concern you. Does it frighten you?
TG: I'm *concerned*. Of course I'm concerned. This is my concern, more than anyone else's. I can quite confidently say that yes, I'm concerned with the responsibilities of my job. I bear the responsibility for the fate of an entire nation. This is not lost on me. It has fallen to me, and I am confident that if I execute my duties responsibly, I only sorrow—and heartache in the position? Were you aiming for the job, then?

UD: No. No, of course not.
TG: So you wouldn't care to be in my position then, I take it.

UD: No. I suppose not. But you. What do you plan to do?
TG: It depends upon circumstances as they arise. And upon my sound judgment. Anything could happen and probably would. They have to be managed, you understand.

UD: THEY? Who are *they*? To whom do you refer?
TG: Things! They have to be managed. Things must be managed. If we don't help ourselves to a future, for ourselves, who in god's name will?

UD: Do you believe in god?
TG: Yes, I do. But remember: To believe in god and to know god are two different things. To believe in god is to define god, to take upon oneself the consequences inherent in what is a dangerous, dangerous practice.

UD: What do you mean?
TG: Believing in god: that's what I mean. To believe in god is to believe that god exists. Which is to have an idea of what god is or means. One therefore has a concept of god. Which means one has enveloped "god" in a concept. One has then therefore defined god. One has given god a definition. One has separated god from what god isn't. One has divided god. One has divided god from whatever one believes god not to be. One has made god finite. I think I might create god. It would be such a relief to be free of responsibility.

UD: Isn't that a contradiction in terms?
TG: No. Yawns.

UD: Do you consider yourself a regular guy?
TG: I'm sorry? Oh, sure. Yeah. I'm a regular kind of guy. I'm a normal guy. Like any other normal guy. I've had my share of real-life rearing! Cars without power windows, you have to hand-crank them yourself? I've had to do my own laundry, house-cleaning, grocery shopping, in the past. Have to put your own gas in the car, self-service? Come without chauffeurs. Do you know, I had to endure a few years of public schooling, at one time! There was a time when I had to smoke those *cheap* cigarettes to scrape pennies together so I could build my first personal atom smasher! I remember when I had nothing but a boom box on which to play my favorite postreductivist concertos. Who can't identify with that? All of *that*!

UD: You are a man ahead of your time. How do you see the future, then? Is it recognizable to you?
TG: That is an excellent question. I believe that the future is now. As to my recognition of it, or what that is and means—which, as I say, is the same as having an idea of what "now" is—I trust my apprehensions. It stares me in the face every waking moment, and I stare right back. I am not afraid.

Unae Dothuboe is a junk artist based in the shoot-straight school of big high-stakes theatre. She is currently on sabbatical from college in Sus82 and owns the rag.

DICTATION
TREVOR GOODCHILD
(TRANSCRIPT)
DATE: 01.14.04AG

0:00 HOW FLATTERING ... AND
YET HOW DISAPPOINTING.
0:03 SHE KEEPS THESE ARTICLES
AND PICTURES AS IF
0:07 THEY REVEAL ANYTHING
THAT I HAVE NOT CHOSEN
0:09 TO REVEAL. WHAT DOES
SHE SEE IN MY EYES?
0:14 WHAT DOES SHE HOPE TO
DISCOVER IN THESE
0:17 WORTHLESS PIECES OF
PR PAPER? THERE IS NO
TRUTH IN THEM, THERE
0:20 IS NO SHADOW OF THE
REAL ME. I COULD BE
ANGRY AT THIS BETRAYAL.
I COULD BE PROVOKED
0:24 INTO DOING SOMETHING
NASTY, CRUEL, PAINFUL.
PERHAPS THAT'S WHAT
SHE WANTS. THIS STUFF
0:
IS SO HARMLESS, AND
YET THE FACT OF HER
0:34 KEEPING IT MIGHT SEEM
HARMFUL TO ME. IS SHE
A STEP AHEAD OF US? A
0:37 STEP AHEAD OF ME? AM I
SIMPLY GETTING PARANOID,
OVER-NERVOUS--OR DO I
0:42 HAVE TO PLAY MY OWN
PIANO FOR A WHILE?
0:44 WELL, NO MATTER. WE'RE
ALMOST DONE. ONE MORE
0:50 JOB FOR HER, ONE MORE
FOR ME.

LOCATOR

SECTOR 34X DRIFT
HX34-8
PLAIN OF
NOTHINGNESS.....

CLEARANCE CODE 4

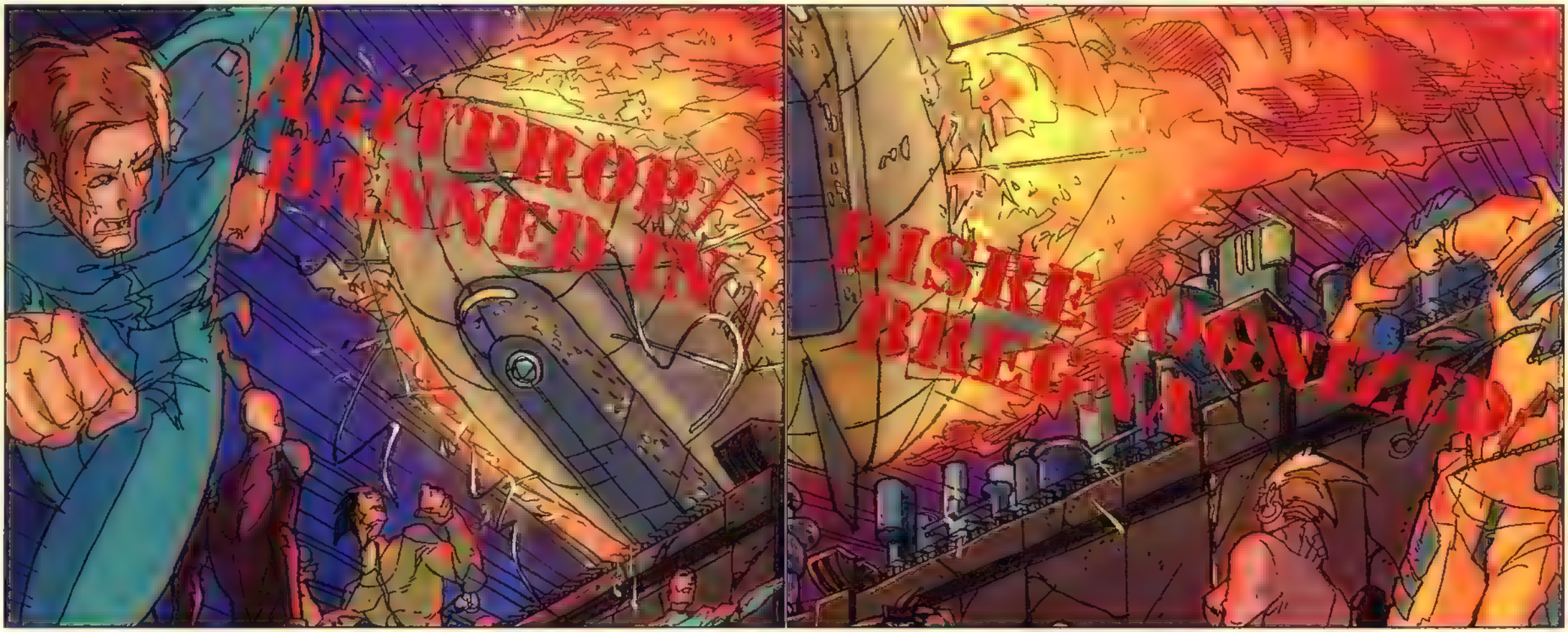
"All The Muck That's Fit To Rake"

FILE 4567L

The Azmo

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER Clear, Sunny and Mild. Zero Windshield Factor. *"Our Yesterday's Weather Reports are ALWAYS 100% Accurate!"*

VOL. CXLIV . No. 50,176 BREGNA 3 14 04AG 100 Nanocredits



RELICAL ANNIHILATED IN MIDAIR BOMBING TRAGEDY

By Brook Brack

The Monica Relical, an airborne "time-capsule," was blown out of the sky yesterday.

The **bizarre incident** has resulted in a rain of historic artifacts and documents across both Monica and Breen territories, it can only be thought adding to the BRM's credibility. An anonymous source with the organization says, "Whoever **never believed** that the two countries were once **one and the same nation** must now **stand corrected.**"

Other sources are confused as to the [...] **incident**, though **tragic**, is certain to prove a cause of especial **embarrassment** to the Breen Government, whose position has always been that the two countries are and have always been two separate nations. But the historical reality of the two mishap appears to be the result of mechanical error.

In any event, evidence of a unified, **pre-Border State of Berognica** has now come to us all in **a literal rain of fire** from the sky from the former airborne institution. Continued A2 8,

SEPARATIZATION/RETERRITORIALIZATION

Some scholars and social critics cite what they fear to become a risk of what they may tend to characterize as a "mitosis-effect," which some even believe has been under way for a very long time in Berognica [9]. A few popular authors actually anticipate such an effect with the suggestion that this would be a positive development for the country, though what form this development would take is a matter of some speculation. For example, the "implementation of actual physical controls to establish and concretize this perceived growing division regionwide would be a daunting, if not insurmountable project, no matter the incentives." [10]

This question, though viewed as legitimate, is perennial and never seems to find any resolution in Berognican social studies. The reason for its endurance in the field of social engineering theory has itself been a matter of speculation and criticism. Separatization has been attacked as "a frivolous panacea," supported by a school of "dilettantes." [11] Most moderate views take the position that the concep[t] "insupportable." [12] On the other hand, the argument has demo[n]strated a remarkable persistence (if not a defensibility) by virtue o[f] acknowledged pervasive socioeconomic and political bifurcat[ions] ously extant in Berognica.

Questions of and theories as to what to do about it[s] quently on the basis of their going rate in the marketpl[ace] their "fashionability." [13] They have persisted for lo[ng] enough to give momentum to fears which, though conside[red] reactionary, have found a niche and an entrenchment [in] our schools of social criticism.

At any rate, it would appear to be premature at [this] culate on the realization of this "panacea." Though [it] as a strategy by which to remedy the country's prot[racted] ity will doubtless force the problem to find practi[cal] ways and means for so long as this particular [idea] find its way out of the blackboard and into a pr[ogram] lopment and deployment.

21pc 800^

MONICA CELTICAL
RECOVERED
ARTIFACT
NO: 602.
EX LIBRIS

ARCHIVE LOG:35X) 23

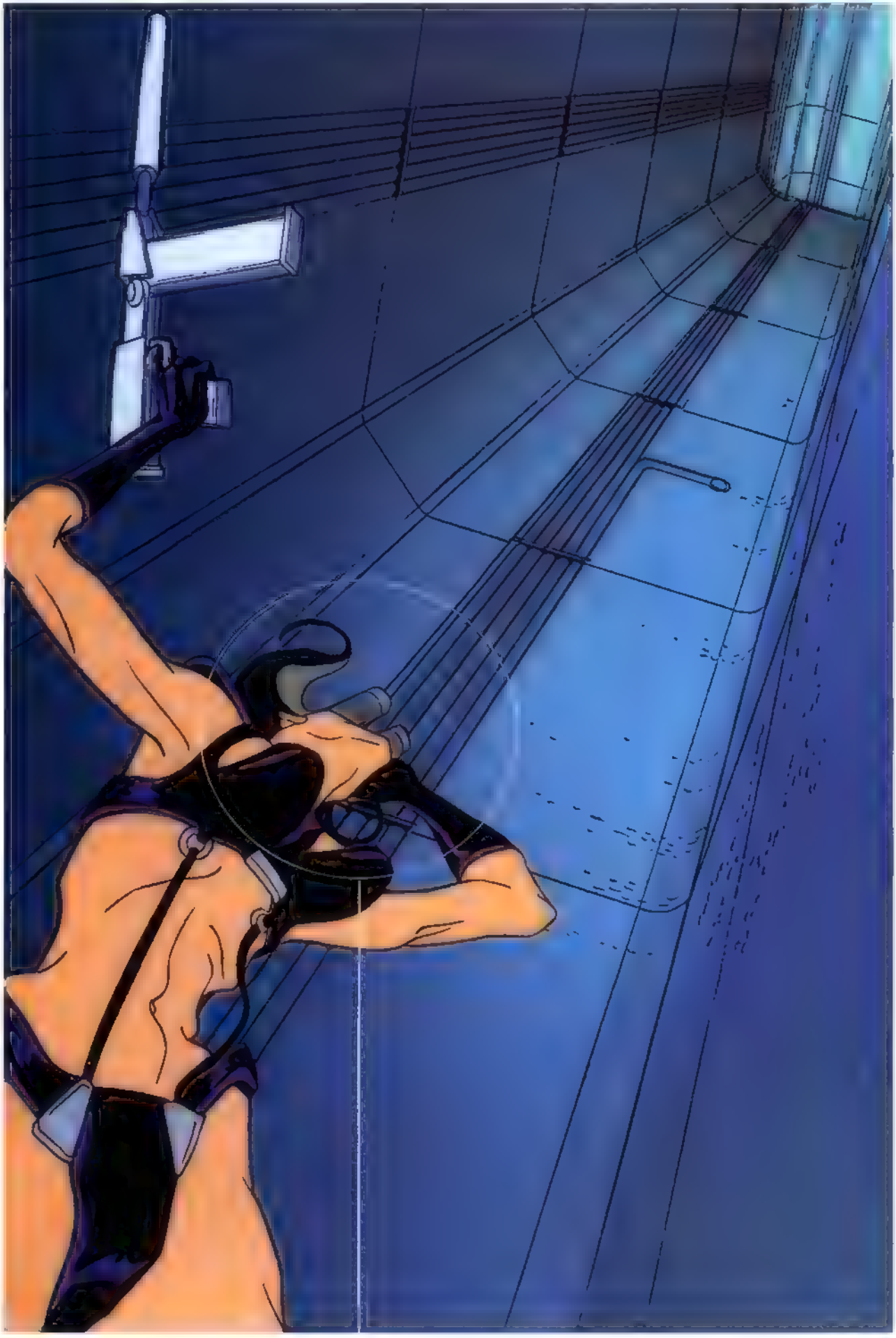
PERSONAL DICTATION:
TREVOR GOODCHILD (TRANSCRIPT)
DATE: 04.14.04AG

0:00 ALL THESE TRAGIC INTERRUPTIONS IN
0:03 MY SOLEMN JOURNEY FROM ONE WHOLE TO
ANOTHER. THIS WHOLE CIRCUMSTANCE HAS
0:10 MUTATED INTO A CALAMITY OF HORRORS.
THE BLOWBACK FROM THE RELICAL DOWN
0:14 MISSION HAS SINGLE-HANDEDLY DONE
MORE TO PROMOTE THE OBJECTIVES OF
0:19 THE BRM THAN ANYTHING THEY COULD
HAVE DONE FOR THEMSELVES. THE IRONY
0:26 IS NOT LOST ON ME, BUT I HAVE GROWN
TIRED OF IRONY. TIRED OF ACCIDENTS.
0:31 TIRED OF A WIND THAT COMES OUT OF
NOWHERE AND BLOWS APART MY PLANS. A
0:39 WIND. INDEED! THAT WOMAN IS TOO
SMART TO BE SO STUPID! THERE IS ONE
0:44 THING I CANNOT IMAGINE, AND THAT IS
THAT SHE DID NOT FORESEE THIS. I
0:49 MUST BELIEVE SHE KNEW EXACTLY WHAT
WOULD HAPPEN. AND I CANNOT HELP
0:52 THINKING SHE DID IT NOT FOR THE
GOOD OF MONICA OR TO ADVANCE THE
0:56 AIMS OF THE BRM, BUT SIMPLY AND
ONLY TO MAKE A FOOL OF ME. OH. AND
1:02 SHE HAS SUCCEEDED BRILLIANTLY.
BRILLIANTLY. IN A STROKE IT ALL
1:06 BECOMES CLEAR. FROM THE START,
EVERY STEP SHE HAS TAKEN WAS MEANT
1:14 TO HUMILIATE ME AND DEFEAT MY
PURPOSES. BLOWING THAT HOLE IN THE
1:19 BORDER WAS NO ACCIDENT EITHER--I
WAS JUST TOO BLIND TO SEE IT. AND
1:24 I SUPPOSE SERAFIN ESCELON IS STILL
ALIVE SOMEWHERE AND FLUKTA MAROUCHE
IS FAKING IT AS WOMEN SOMETIMES DO,
AND THE NECROPOLIS IS FILLED WITH
NOTHING MORE HARMFUL THAN A BAD
[illegible] AIR FRESHENER. I AM OUT OF
CONTROL. UNREASONABLE. A SIMPLE
MISTAKE. SHE MADE A SIMPLE MISTAKE
AND SHE WILL PAY THE PRICE...

LOCATOR

SECTOR 6232
HX34-8
SUB-CATACOMB

CLEARANCE CODE 10



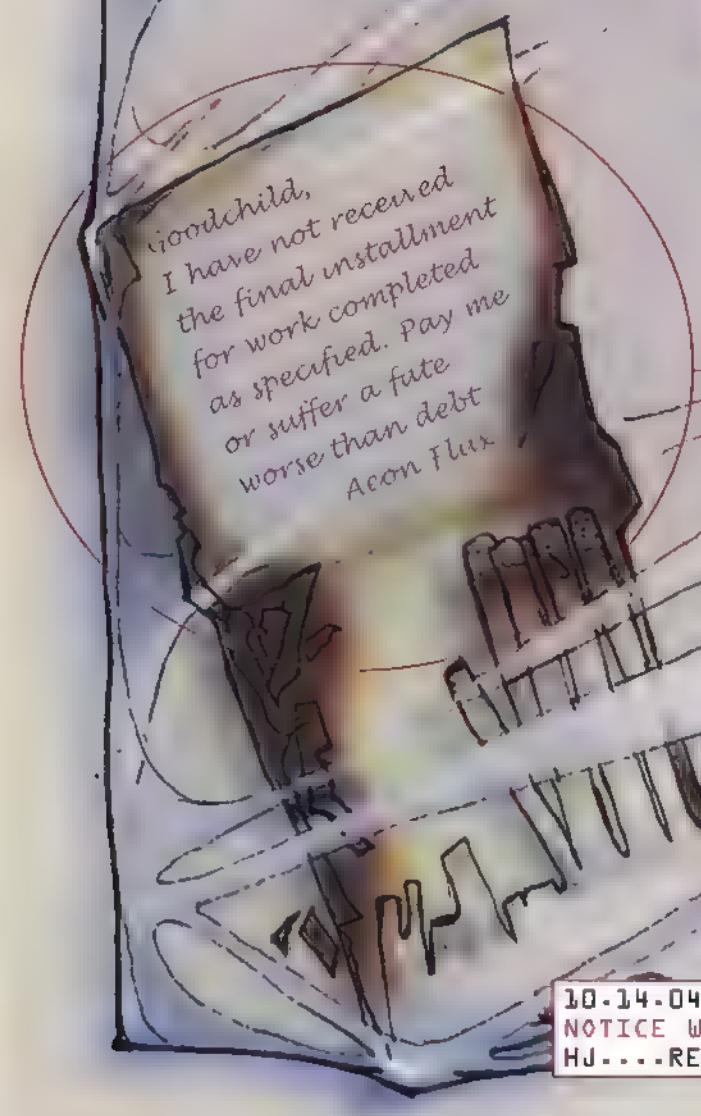
SUR. CAM Interior Goodchild Tower 09.14.04AG

EVIDENCE FORM
FILE #43

EVID. RECEIPT 23Z CLASP 5

10

THIS MATCHBOOK WAS FOUND IN THE ASHTRAY OF CHAIRMAN GOODCHILD BY CHAIRMAN GOODCHILD ON THE MORNING OF 10.14.04AG AT APPROXIMATELY 7:30 A.M. THE CHAIRMAN DOES NOT REMEMBER SEEING IT THERE WHEN HE WENT TO SLEEP.



10.14.04AG ANALYSIS HAS CONFIRMED THAT THIS NOTICE WAS WRITTEN BY AGENT AEON FLUX MED DECK HJ....REPORT/SIN 45E.....FIN

INTELLIGENCE REPORT

SPECIAL
DIR 0351
DEPT
45TR

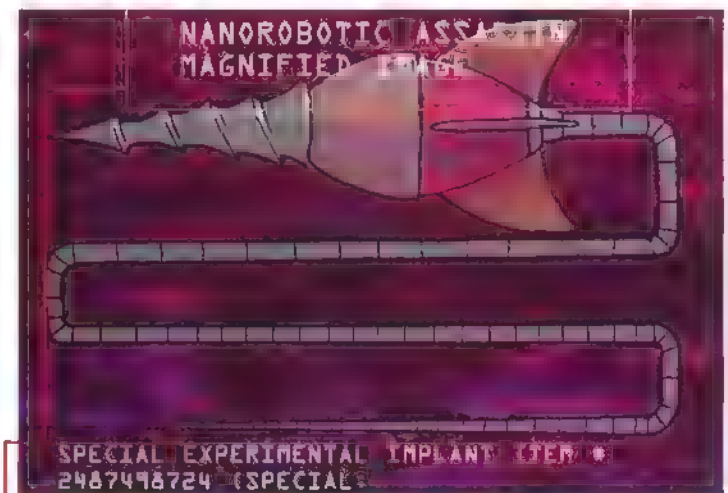
OPERATION: HERODOTUS

SUBJECT: ASSASSINATION OF AEON FLUX
PREPARED BY: PRINCIPAL AGENT EUPHEMIA
FOR: CHAIRMAN GOODCHILD
DATE: 13.14.04AG

My Delicious Chairman Goodchild,

I must tell you again how delighted I was to perform the lavish lavish task of providing you with a means by which to kill kill Aeon Flux. This whole experience has been a dream dream come true, but then again, so so are you.

The schematic pictured below is of a NANOROBOTIC ASSASSIN or NRA: a microscopic robot that, once implanted, is designed to eat its target from the inside out. NRAs can be implanted through various forms of injection--the most effective and, in this case, relevant of which is an ejaculation during sexual intercourse.



A payload of about 2,000–10,000 NRA units is surgically implanted in the assassin's testicles and serves to temporarily replace the killer's sperm. Once the initial NRA implant is complete, the killer need only engage in sexual intercourse and ejaculate. The NRA units, having replaced sperm, are then injected into the victim and activate two seconds after this initial injection.

Deathspeed is determined by the number of NRA units injected. For example, if 2,000 units are injected, the victim will die within approximately 10 min. of this initial injection. The more units injected, the faster the deathspeed. For this particular mission I would recommend the maximum NRA payload: 10,000 units.

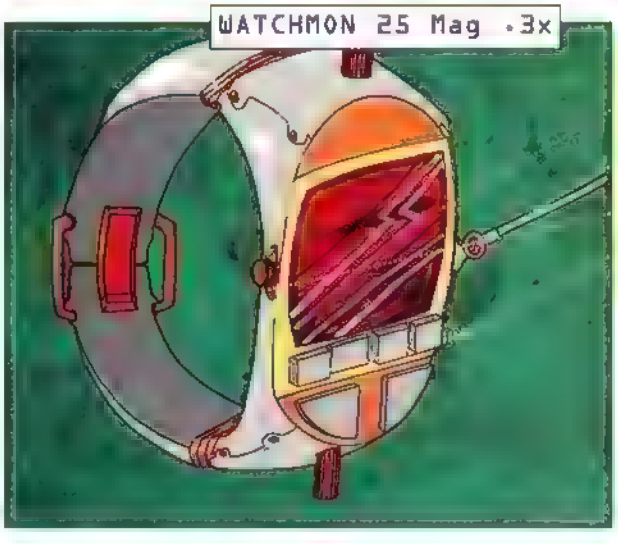
ALSO: I have taken the liberty of ordering a special manufacture of three (3) NanoRobotic Cameras (NRCs or Urethracams) to be delivered among the major NRA payload.

URETHRACAM Mag 50,000X
SPECIAL EXPERIMENTAL IMPLANT ITEM
689385483909 (SPECIAL: 1637755829.6CH)

STRAIGHT BOROSCOPE LENS W/ MICROSCAN TRANSMITTER (R/F); LOCAL ON-SITE VTR (WITH R/F RECEPTION ATTENUATED FROM SAID SOURCE) PLUS LOCAL ON-SITE SPECIAL MOBILE R/F CONTROLLER COMPATIBILITY PER CAM/BAT SITE

I regard the Urethracam to be the most singularly satisfying component of this assassination method. The Urethracam is a micronomic camera that is temporarily implanted into the assassin's urethra. The camera's transmissions can be displayed on any appropriately tuned surveillance monitor (SEE SEE OPPOSITE). The Urethracam gives the assassin that Armchair General view of his little little NRA troops being deployed and going to war. There is also a certain bent appeal in the sheer entertainment value of such a voyeuristic experience.

WATCHMON 25 Mag .3x



AUTO-FOCUS ON (LCD)--
ALL CHANNELS;
TILT/PAN CONTROL (joystick)
w/ TILT/PAN-INDEX; REM. FEED:
^R/F FEDTIME/VIDEO switch];
ZOOM CONTROL (slide-potentiometer)
w/ ZOOM-INDEX

This is a standard-issue Watchmon--it will receive the Urethracam transmissions and will allow you the immediate luxury of watching events LIVE as they happen.

I have already taken the liberty of having the Directorate of Technical Services assemble all the necessary personnel and equipment. As for location, I have found for you the perfect honeymoon suite. SubDirector Gildemere's Rendezvous Site Proposal will be on your desk in the morning. You need only say the word, and I can have you fully kitted out and ready to go within 24 hours.

I hope you find my methods at the very least, pernicious, and at the very most, worthy of application.

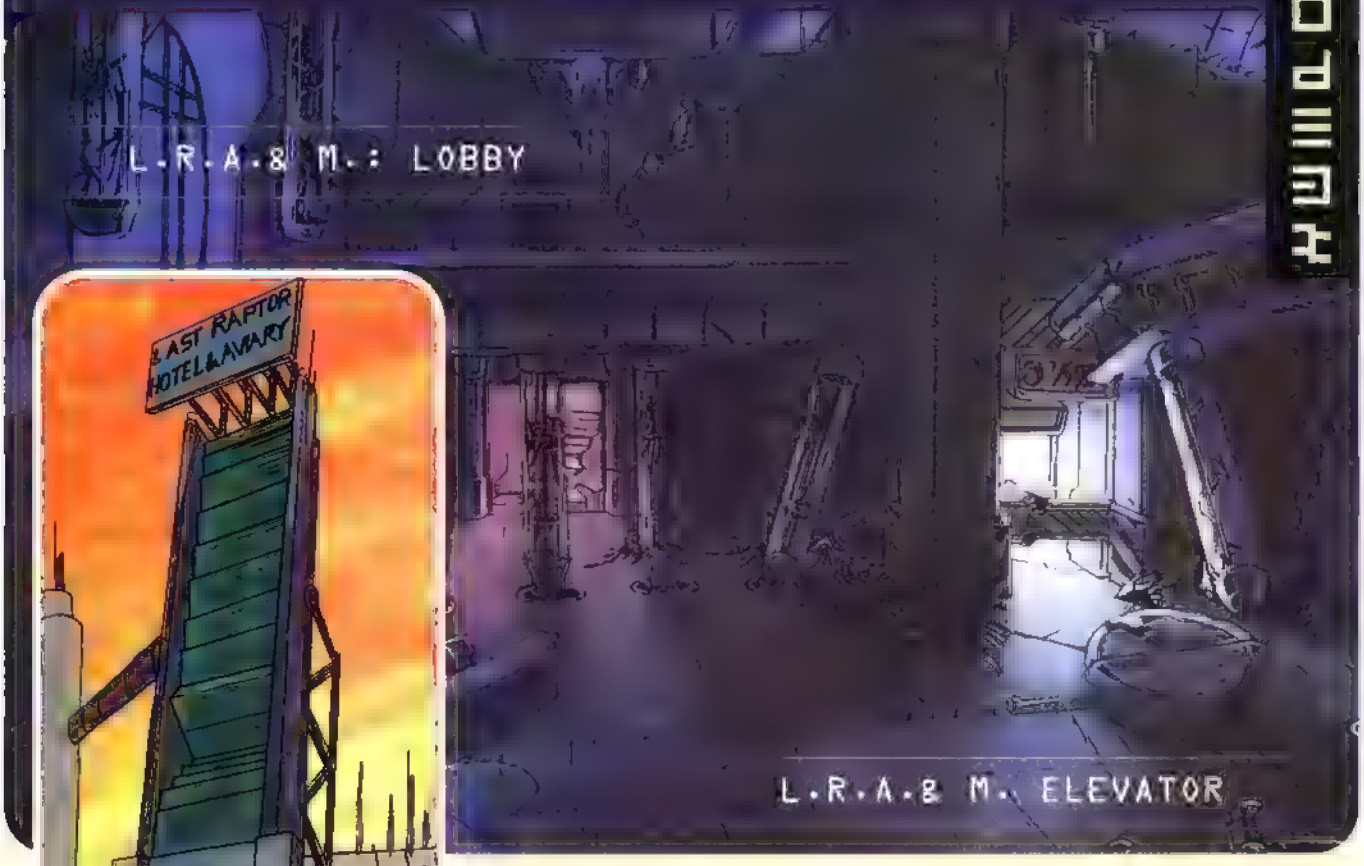
Always and Forever,

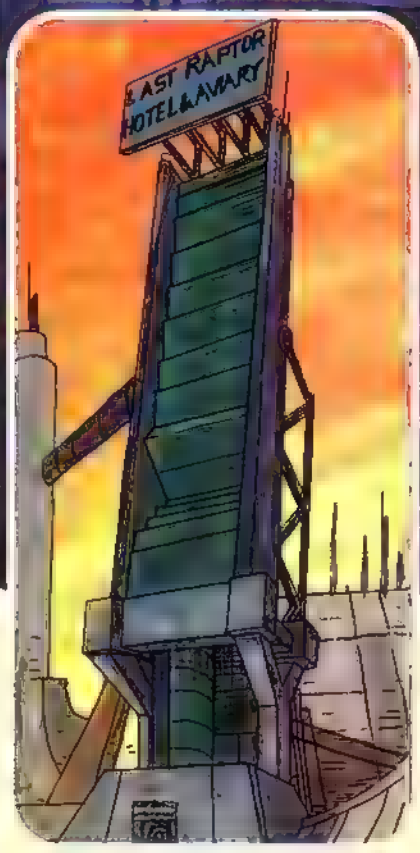
Euphemia

COVERT DIRECTIVE 0351

DATE: 17.14.04AG
FROM: HERODOTUS
SUBJECT: SITE REPORT
PREPARED BY: DR. GILDEMERE FOR DIRECTOR EUPHEMIA, DIRECTORATE OF BLACK OPERATIONS

CONFIDENTIAL





Chairman Goodchild:

Attached please find photographs of the location formerly known as Last Raptor's Aviary and Motel. The building lies just within Disrecognized Territory on the border at F-Section, in the district formerly known as Gladbrindings. As I'm sure you are aware, this entire district was evacuated five years ago in the wake of the so-called "Chiaroscuro Incident." Although radiation levels have fallen to within acceptable limits, the area, including this building, remains abandoned except for occasional transients (yet another example of the almost pitiable inefficiency of the Monican economy, if I may be so bold as to say so).

As the photographs attest, the location, once a posh haunt for the debauched antics (in this case involving, I am disgusted to report, vicious birds of prey) that so characterize Monican society, is in an advanced state of disrepair and permeated by an odd, vaguely sweet, unidentifiable odor. However, it does appear to be structurally sound.

In terms of the suitability of this site, it is difficult to make any useful analysis without some information as to the operation for which it is proposed. However, as to specific points mentioned in my orders: (1), the side entrance to the building directly abuts the border, so, if the relevant defense mechanisms are disarmed, passage to and from Breen territory is easily manageable; (B), installation of hidden surveillance cameras should present no problems; and, (iii), due to the site's remoteness and lack of traffic, a covert team of redecorators could be introduced without the likelihood of themselves or the results of their work attracting any attention.

Perhaps I could offer a more detailed assessment if I were acquainted with the specifics of this operation.

Acorn Hums,

You are cordially invited to
receive payment in person as per
your invoice. The pleasure of your company is
requested on

31.14.04AG
Six o'clock
Coordinates 57-25-89
Access Code 923010

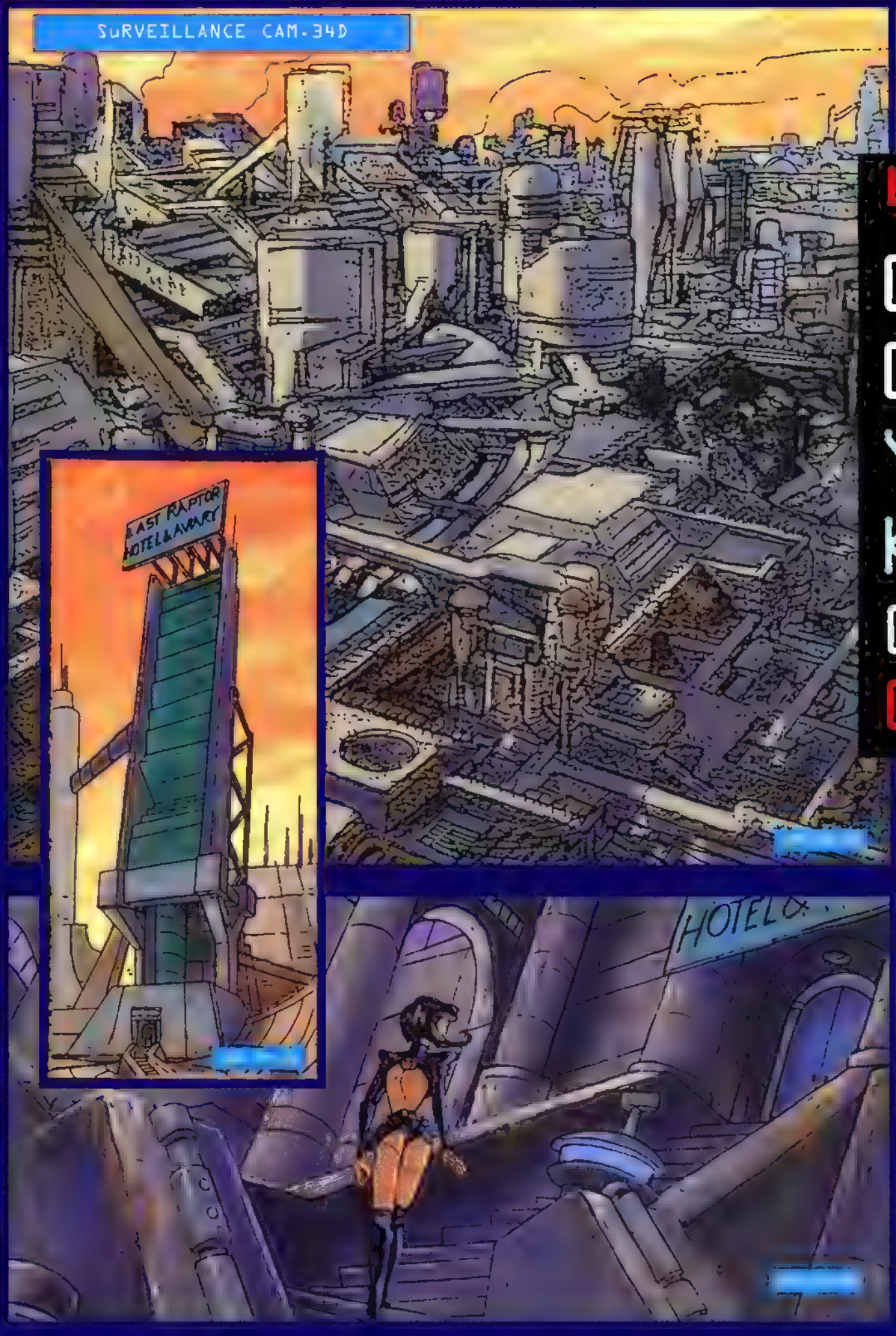
This invitation invites only one. Come alone.

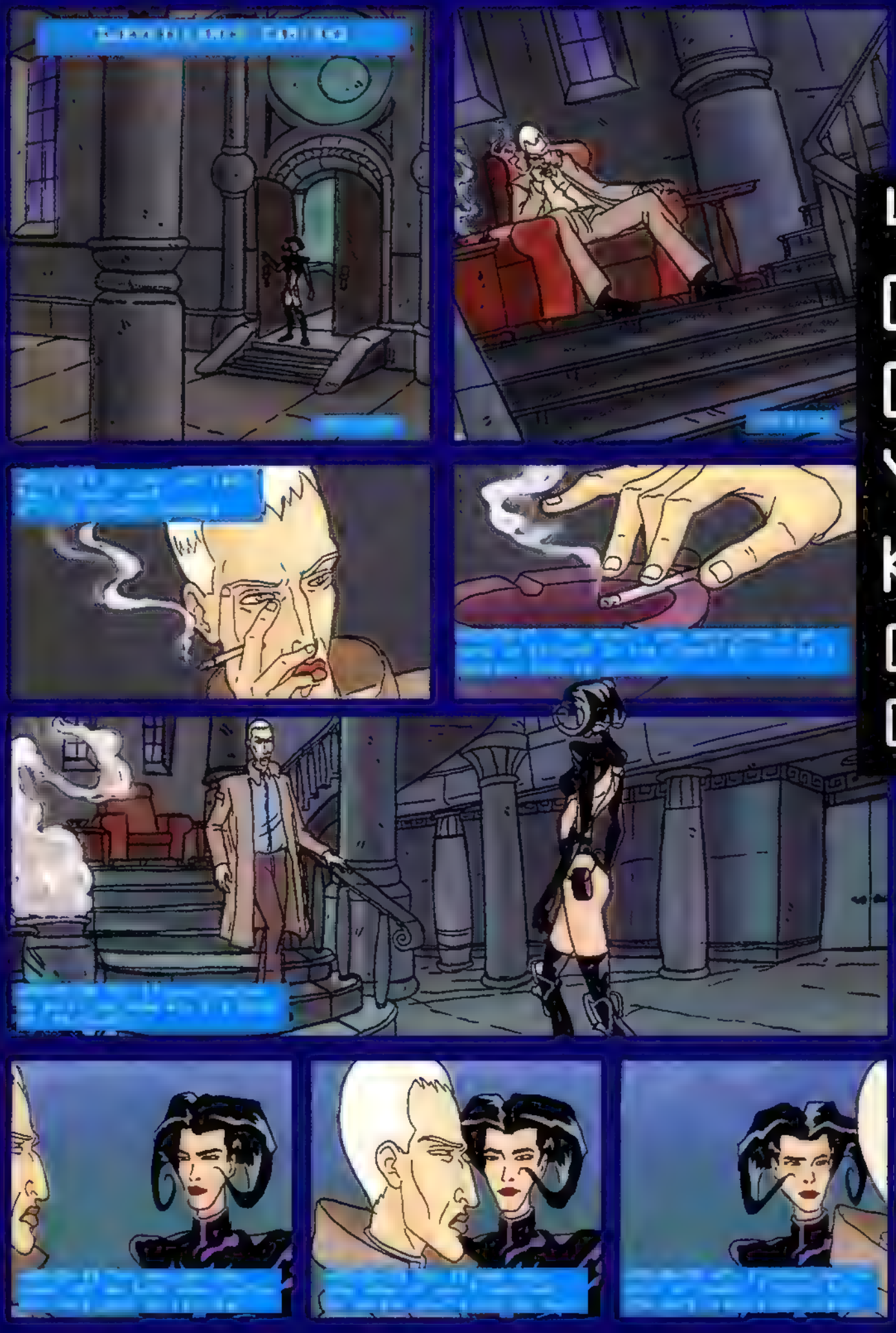
DRAMATAFORM DISTILLATION IMAGESCRIPT

TIME CODE SYNCHRONIZATION OF
AUDIO AND VIDEO SURVEILLANCE

DATE:	31.14.04AG
LOCATION:	LAST RAPTOR'S AVIARY AND MOTEL
TIME:	18:00
COORDINATES:	F-SECTION 57-25-89
ADDRESS CODE:	7820/24987250

PRIORITY
RED 10

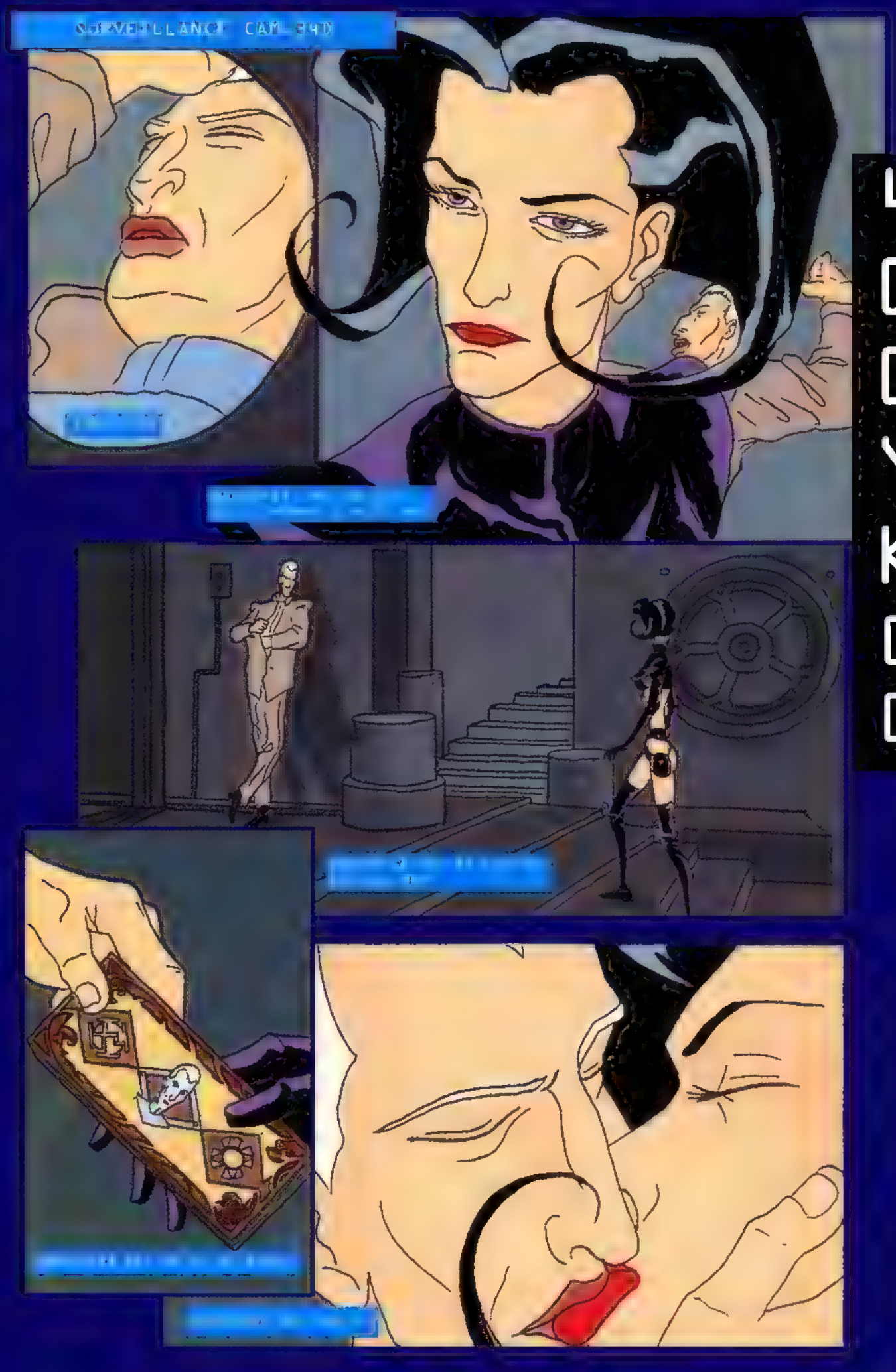

SURVEILLANCE CAM-34D
LAST RAPTOR HOTEL & AVIARY
HOTEL &
4 OOYKOO

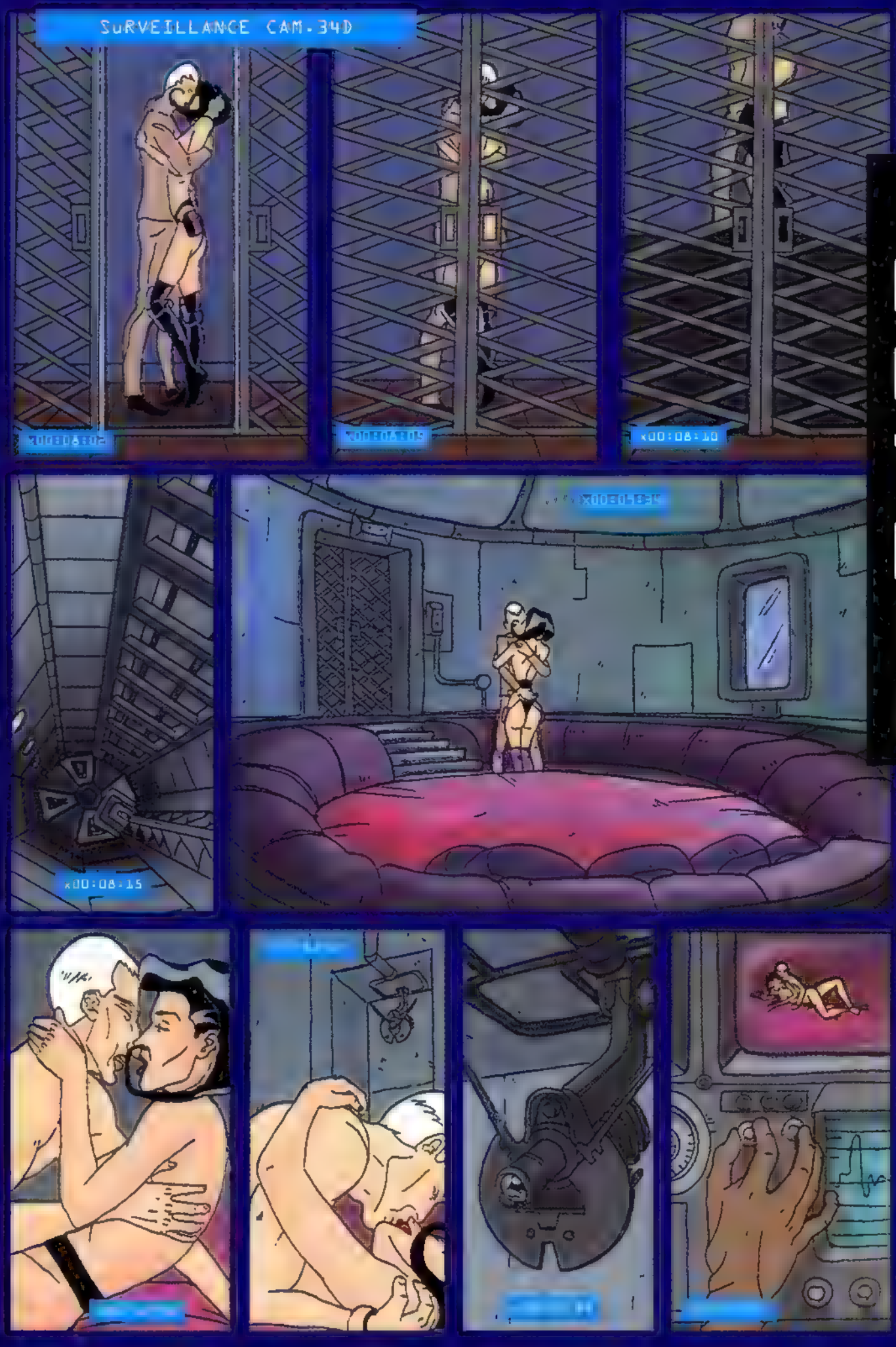

4000YK00

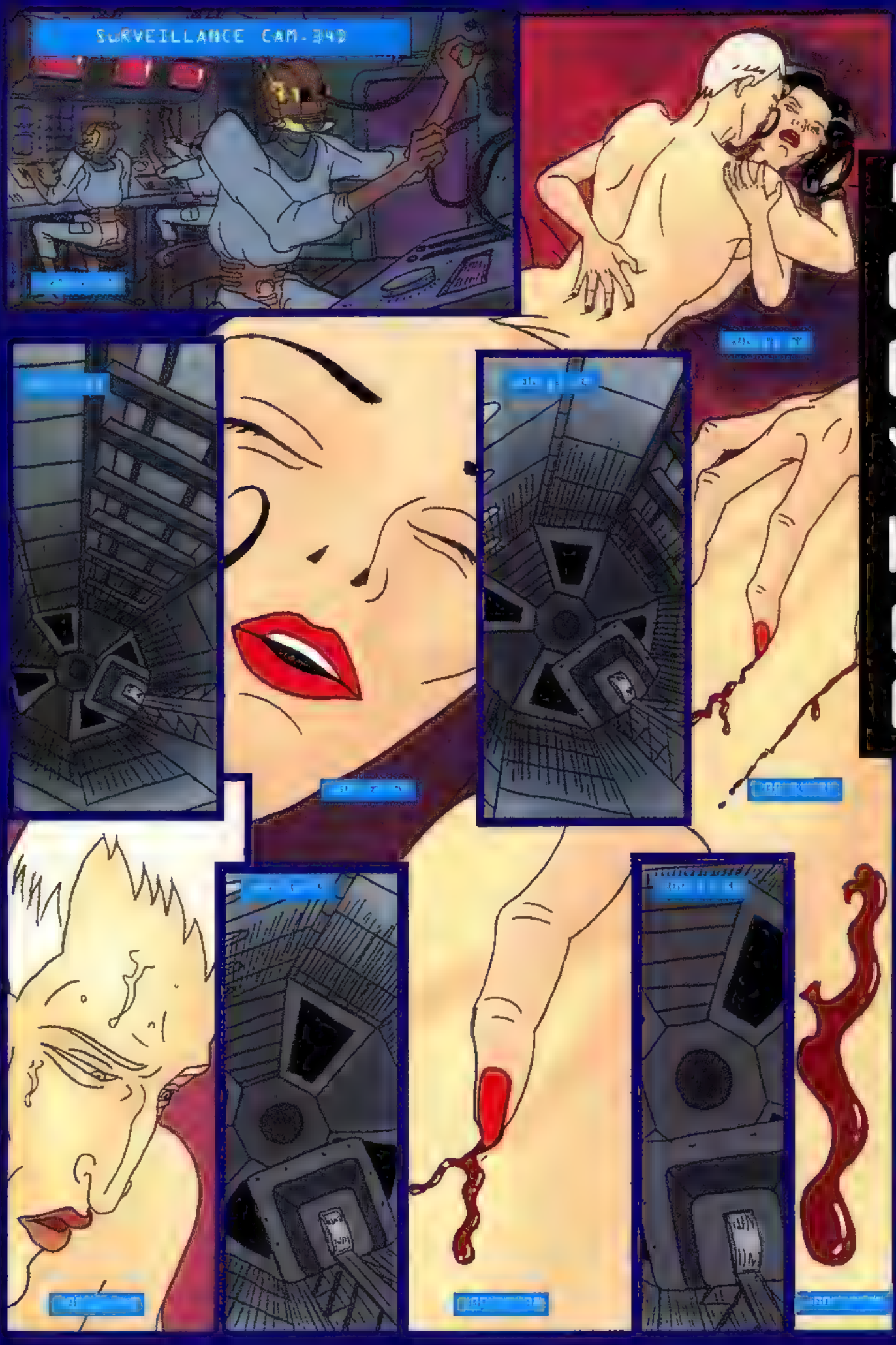
4000 Y.K.00

4000YKOO

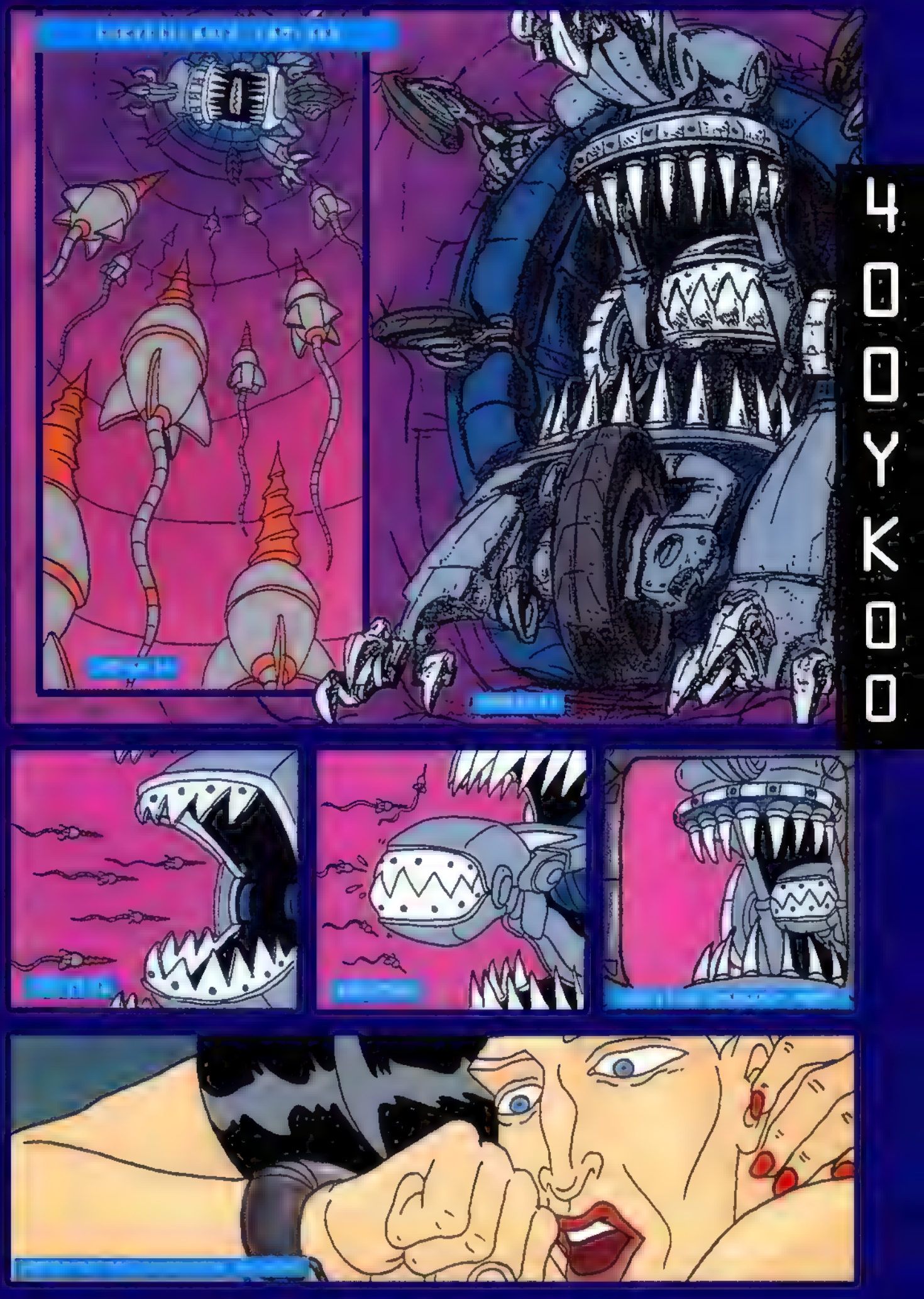
SURVEILLANCE CAM.341
400YKOO


SURVEILLANCE CAM 94D
4000YK00


SURVEILLANCE CAM-34D
400YK00


SURVEILLANCE CAM-342
4000YKOO

4000YK00


4000YK00

SURVEILLANCE CAM 341
4000YK00

4000YK00

HOTEL

PERSONAL DICTATION
0:00
0:18
0:23
0:27
0:32
SO MUCH ANGUISH AND
PAIN. IN THE END
CHANGED NOTHING.
AND YET EVERYTHING
IS DIFFERENT. NOT
FOR THE EVENTS
WHICH HAVE TAKEN
PLACE BUT FOR ONE
SIMPLE FEELING.
INSIDE HER I WAS,
AND INSIDE HER I
SHALL REMAIN.
LOCATOR
SECTOR 34X DRIFT
HX34-8
WORKSPACE.....
CLEARANCE CODE 10
TREVOR SOOCHAN
PERSONAL

MEMOCODE3

MEMO TO: RESEARCHER DILLING

FROM: CHIEF ARCHIVIST GRISK

DATE: 09.10.13AG

RE: Your Concerns

Dear Fellow,

These pages are clearly nothing but the fabrications of some feverish and disrespectful mind. I have to share with you my own amusement at their contents. Can you really imagine Chairman Goodchild engaging in such outrageous and spurious acts? Rest in peace, my young friend. Be comfortable. There is nothing to be concerned about here. Let's put the matter aside and get on to our more serious work.

Best wishes to your wife and children.

Grisk

P.S. Looking forward to the lemming expedition on the 15th.

INTER/SUBCOORDINATE USE ONLY. ...2Q

MEMOCODEBLACK

MEMO TO: ALL RESEARCH STAFF

FROM: CHIEF ARCHIVIST

DATE: 14.10.13AG

RE: DILLING'S DEATH

Dear Fellows,

Needless to say, I share your grief over the unexpected and untimely passing of our respected colleague, Researcher Dilling. He served this department and the Breen nation with the utmost dedication and efficiency, and his contributions will be missed. I'm sure the sympathy and good wishes of all of us go out to his family.

On the same subject, please be advised that I have ordered a thorough probe into the apparently faulty book-stacking procedures which resulted in this terrible accident.

Grisk

INTER/SUBCOORDINATE USE ONLY.....8D

AEON FLUX THE HERODOTUS FILE

THE SECRET HISTORY OF AEON FLUX

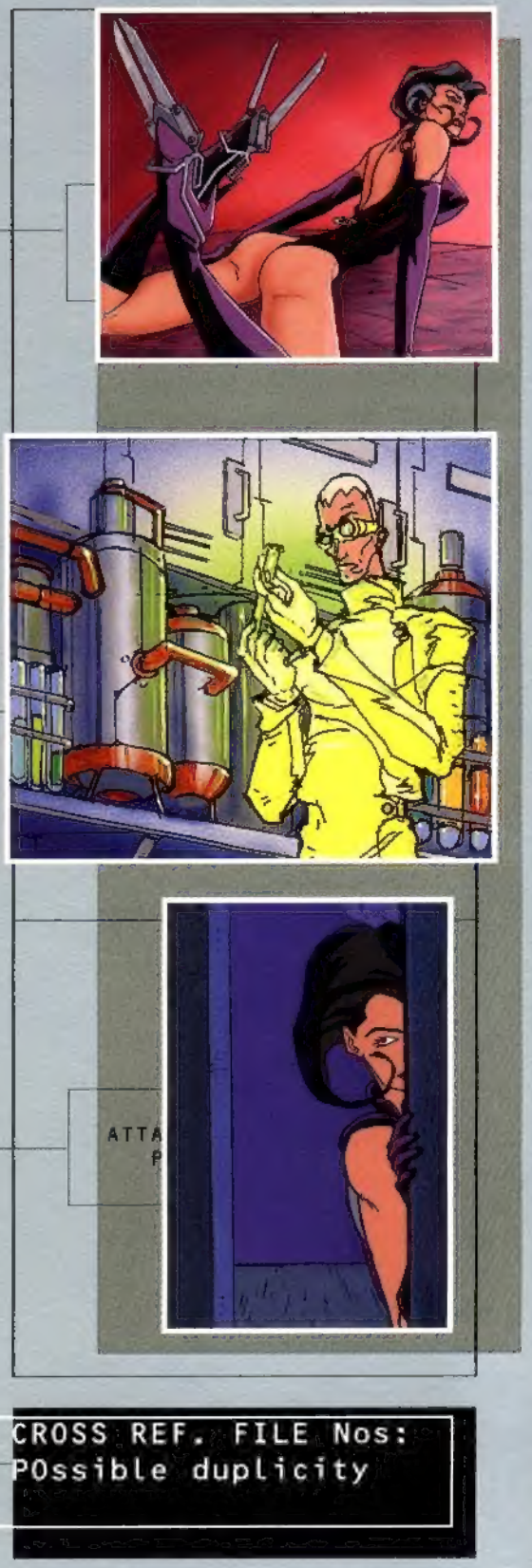
SPY-ASSASSIN-SEDUCTRESS

HER INSTINCTS: HONED FOR SURVIVAL. HER PSYCHE: PRIMED FOR ANARCHY. HER BODY: SCULPTED FOR ACTION. SHE'S AEON FLUX, A LETHAL, LEATHER-CLAD SPY WHO CUTS A BRUTAL SWATH OF SUBTERFUGE THROUGH BREGNA, A HI-TECH SOCIETY CONTROLLED BY HER NEMESIS, TREVOR GOODCHILD. BUT TREVOR'S AND AEON'S BOND IS DEEPER THAN THAT OF ASSASSIN TO TYRANT, AND THE MYSTERY THAT DRIVES THEIR TWISTED RELATIONSHIP HAS REMAINED AS IMPENETRABLE AS AEON'S PADLOCKED CHASTITY BELT - UNTIL NOW.

THE HERODOTUS FILE

THIS EXPLOSIVE FILE OF CLASSIFIED INTELLIGENCE REVEALS TREVOR GOODCHILD'S CHILLING PLAN TO CONSOLIDATE POWER BY ERASING HISTORY - AND THE HIRING OF ONE MERCENARY AGENT, AEON FLUX, TO TRANSFORM HIS PLAN INTO AN ORWELLIAN REALITY. CRAMMED WITH TRANSCRIPTS, SURVEILLANCE, AND MEMOS, THE FILE EXPLORES THE DARK CORRIDORS OF AEON'S MYSTERIOUS LIFE, BRINGING INTO QUESTION HER ULTIMATE ALLEGIANCE. IS AEON TRULY LOYAL TO TREVOR'S VISION OF BREGNA? OR IS SHE STEALTHILY SUBVERTING HIS PLOT FROM THE INSIDE OUT? THIS STUNNING FILE TELLS A STORY OF INTRIGUE AND TREACHERY, OF DOMINATION AND SUBMISSION, OF LOVE AND HATE SO PERVERSE, IT COULD ONLY SPRING FROM THE OTHERWORLD OF AEON FLUX.

THE TELEVISION SERIES, *AEON FLUX*, IS A COLOSSAL PICTURES PRODUCTION IN ASSOCIATION WITH MTV NETWORKS.



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ISBN 0-671-54524-8

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